

Leslie's

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



Late Summer Fiction Number

DRAWN ESPECIALLY FOR LESLIE'S WEEKLY BY CHARLES SARKA

NET CIRCULATION OF THIS ISSUE GUARANTEED TO BE OVER A QUARTER OF A MILLION



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1910

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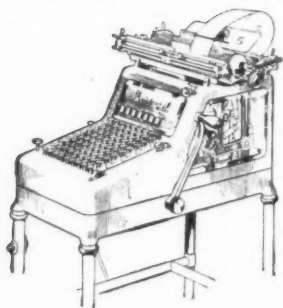
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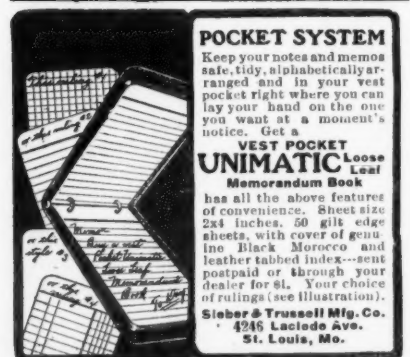
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LESLIE'S Airship Number

ON September 29th, **Leslie's** will issue the first aviation number ever published by a periodical of national circulation. Five years ago practical editors put the aircastles of dreamers and flying machines in the same class. To-day the most absorbing subject to scientists and laymen is aviation. The world scoffed at the steam engine and the printing press and the sewing machine in the beginning, and it has been just as deaf to the demands of the flying men. If you want to know just what has been done, and what it is hoped to do in the air, get this issue of **Leslie's** before the airship enthusiasts exhaust the news-stands' supply. At this writing we are planning to have skillful aeronauts tell us of some of their thrilling experiences in the air. The story of Glenn Curtiss's famous long-distance flight will be fully and graphically told. H. A. Petersen, the noted portrayer of aerial subjects, has agreed to contribute a full-page drawing of the launching of the future flying warship. Gordon Grant, the well-known illustrator, has designed a striking cover for the issue. There is also to be a thrilling war story dealing with a spectacular fight between naval vessels and flying ships. The author is a foreign writer, famous abroad for his vividly imaginative tales. It will be illustrated by George F. Kerr, who has been so successful in work of this kind. The whole number will contain many pages of the most unusual photographs of airships and aviators.

In answering advertisements please mention "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."



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Pronounced Individuality and a Flavor more satisfying than mere words can describe, are Blatz exclusive characteristics—so declare those who really appreciate character and quality in table beer.

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A stylish, service stores. Genuin side hand. Suit part roll without ice, pollen, yac Mixture, Brown on. Sent post State size an **PANAMA HAT**



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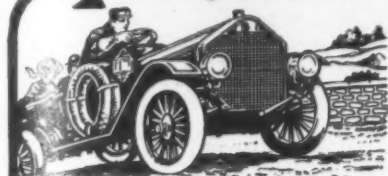
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A stylish, serviceable Hat. Would sell for \$2.00 in most Hat stores. Genuine English Felt, flexible sweat band, neat outside band. Suitable for dress and business. Folds into compact roll without damaging. Unequaled for traveling, motor-ing, golfing, yachting, etc. All sizes. Colors: Black, Gray, Hixture, Brown Hixture, Dark Blue, and White. Weight 4 oz. Sent postpaid on receipt of \$1.00. Prompt shipments. State size and color desired. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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See Them BEFORE Paying.
These Gems are chemical white sapphires. Can't be told from diamonds except by an expert. Stand acid and fire diamond tests. So hard they can't be filed and will out-glass. Brilliance guaranteed 25 years. All mounted in 14K solid gold diamond mountings. Will send you any style ring, pin or stud on approval—all charges prepaid—no money in advance. \$2. Write for Free illustrated booklet, special prices and ring measure.

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The most exquisite cars produced.

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Leslie's

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES

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Next Week's Issue

Dated September 15th, 1910

THE RECENT DECIDED STAND taken by William J. Bryan and other prominent Western public men in favor of county option is regarded as evidence that many temperance advocates are looking for something that will be more effective in the regulation of liquor traffic than prohibition has been. I. T. Martin, a well-known Western writer, tells, in unvarnished language, "What Prohibition Has Cost Oklahoma." It is not muck-raking, but a fair-minded review of a situation peculiar and perhaps unprecedented in the history of liquor reform.

WE HAVE HEARD THAT THE CHINESE are "doing well enough." With that information we have contented ourselves and talked learnedly of the "ancient civilization of the East." Did you know, however, that in China, amid a population of some four hundred million people, there is but one insane asylum? A talented American writer, at Shanghai, China, gives a graphic account of this amazing condition and shows how an American missionary who founded it has become one of the historic heroes of the Land of the Dragon.

RENA CALDWELL LEWIS, formerly a reporter on Philadelphia newspapers, contributes an absorbing article entitled, "Doing Religion." It is an exposé of the inside workings of the daily press in its treatment of news of the churches. There are many revelations that heretofore have never been printed.

WHAT JULY 4TH, 1776, MEANS to the people of the United States, September 16th, 1810, means to the citizens of Mexico. On that day our neighbor republic cast off the shackles of Spanish domination and became a national entity. The centennial celebration of that event will be held in the City of Mexico on September 16th. Thousands of visitors from all over the world will gather there to participate in the festivities. A thoroughly informed writer describes the elaborate program of the celebration, giving an authoritative résumé of Mexican history and an intimate sketch of the men who now conduct the government. It is the best article of its kind thus far written about a nation which has recently been the subject of much discussion.

THE FICTION IS BY ELLIOTT FLOWER, a well-known writer of short stories. It is a tale of political knavery and its conquest by a man who couldn't be frightened.

FROM A PICTORIAL STANDPOINT this issue is an edition de luxe. An entire page is given to the activities of the Boy Scout movement in America. There is also a remarkable collection of curious photographs, collected in every nook and cranny of the world. Our women readers will be highly pleased with a series of snapshots showing how the women of France indulge in swimming and aquatic sports. The autumn theatrical attractions are chronicled in picture and in story. "All the news in pictures" is still a sacred tradition. Every noteworthy event of recent date is recorded.

THOSE NEWSY DEPARTMENTS, "People Talked About" and "The Public Forum," epitomize activities and thought the world over. "Jasper" continues to give his "Hints to Money-makers." The "Hermit" conducts his famous insurance department.

In answering advertisements please mention "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."



TEXAS "Broncho Buster" Hat for . . . \$3

Here's a typical Texas cowboy hat, the style worn all over the Southwest and that we have made popular throughout the whole country.

The "Broncho Buster" is the hat of a gentleman and is suitable for all weathers and occasions, a very picturesque, breezy style that looks well on any head—originally, manufactured and sold by us exclusively. Five dollars won't buy its equal anywhere.

DESCRIPTION—The "Broncho Buster" is made of fine quality felt, light tan color, very light-weight, trimmed with richly carved Mexican leather band. The brim is a "never-flop" and will positively hold its shape. The "Broncho Buster" is made in two dimensions; brim 3 inches, crown 4 1/2 inches; brim 3 1/2 inches, crown 5 inches, a regular \$5 hat, sent express prepaid for \$3.

Be sure to state size.

The "Broncho Buster" is on sale at our best hat store in your city for \$3.

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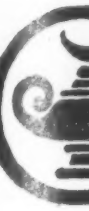
The President Reviewing Our Future Defenders.

THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA WENT THROUGH THEIR MANEUVERS RECENTLY FOR MR. TAFT, AT BEVERLY, MASS. BY TEACHING THE RISING GENERATION THE WAYS OF RESOURCEFULNESS AND SELF-RELIANCE, THE BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT AIMS TO DEVELOP HEALTHY AND USEFUL CITIZENS.



Colonel Roosevelt Expounding to the West His Political Creed.

HIS RECEPTION AS PRIVATE CITIZEN SURPASSES THAT WHICH WILLIAM J. BRYAN RECEIVED WHEN HE MADE HIS FAMOUS TOUR OF THE WEST AND THE SOUTH AS A CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY. ENORMOUS AND ENTHUSIASTIC CROWDS GREETED THE EX-PRESIDENT WHEREVER HE STOPPED. HE IS SHOWN ABOVE ADDRESSING AN AUDIENCE AT CLEVELAND, O., ON AUGUST 25.



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Leslie's

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



CXI.

Thursday, September 8, 1910

No. 2870

Don't Attack Prosperity.

EVERY fair-minded citizen, whether a Democrat, a Republican or an insurgent, should, in all justice to President Taft, carefully read his letter to the chairman of the Republican congressional committee. We know that the public is altogether too much inclined to take its impressions from the sensational headlines of the daily newspapers; but such an appeal as the President of the United States makes, in a fair and judicial-minded statement of his attitude toward his party's legislation (involving a comprehensive summary of what that legislation has been), is entitled to and will receive from every fair-minded man a just measure of consideration. The President cites some of the pledges that the Republican party has fulfilled. He explains that the Payne tariff law is still subject to amendment on a scientific basis governed by information collected by the new tariff board. He shows the folly of giving control of the House of Representatives to the Democracy, in view of the latter's uncertain record of incapacity and radicalism. President Taft's appeal is to the heart and conscience of the American people. His letter embraces all that it is necessary to embody in any Republican platform this fall.

Tariff revision agitation at this time is a needless piece of folly. President Taft asks for a chance for the present act, which is only about a year old, to reveal itself. Prosperity must not be imperiled. The tariff board, which is empowered to study the whole subject of wages, cost of materials and tariff rates abroad and at home, must be allowed time to go over the ground carefully and make its report. Then, if it finds that some particular rates ought to be changed, Congress, the newspapers and the people can consider the matter. The suggestions of the tariff commission, whatever they happen to be, will be entitled to respect. The board is non-partisan. Neither Republican nor Democratic ideas, as such, will affect its judgment in the slightest degree.

Hereafter the tariff must be dealt with as a business question solely. Heretofore it has been a football of politics. Men have made speeches upon it for use in campaigns, regardless of the merits of the particular duties which were considered. The tariff has made and marred the fortunes of presidential candidates and has given victory or defeat to parties. From this time onward we must treat this subject from its business side entirely, regardless of the attitude of parties toward it in the past. Just as slavery and the bloody shirt were retired from politics long ago, so must the tariff, in its partisan aspect, be dropped. We now have the machinery for taking a world-wide survey of the tariff and thus for treating it in its larger aspects. The tariff board will give a body of information to the President and to Congress which will be much more unbiased and thorough than that which has heretofore been gained through hearings by the Ways and Means Committee of the House and the Finance Committee of the Senate.

The men who are employed to get the information on which tariff changes will be based hereafter are instructed to get facts, not theories. The country wants prosperity. The wheels of industry must be kept moving. A fair day's wages must be given for a fair day's labor. All our workers must be kept employed. Business asks a rest from meddling by President or Congress. Let our mills and our railways work out the problems which are before them, without any further hampering from law-makers or law administrators.

"The battle has only just begun!" exclaimed Senator Bristow, of Kansas, in a speech at Winfield, in his State, referring to the fight for a new overhauling of the entire tariff. In various phrases and at different places Senators Cummins and La Follette, Representatives Murdock and Norris and other insurgents are saying the same thing. This is mischievous talk. The tariff commission will tell us when any further revising is needed and the revising will go only as far as the need is actual and manifest. And the revising, when it comes again, will not be done by party. The tariff must be taken out of politics entirely and permanently. The country demands that the present prosperity be not interrupted. Sweeping tariff changes would close mills, halt enter-

prise and bring disaster to the country. This must be averted. No tariff changes of any sort should be permitted until after the presidential election of 1912 and then only at the points where changes are urgent. To this degree, at least, business must have a respite. Tariff-revision agitators at this stage should be rebuked and retired.



Mexico's Hundred Years.

IT WAS in 1810 that the series of revolts began, extending from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn, which cut the tie between the peoples of that region and Spain and resulted in the erection of Mexico, Colombia, Argentina, Peru, Chili and other Latin-American countries into republics. Brazil, which belonged to Portugal, was also affected by the wave of revolution and gained its independence, but it did not become a republic until 1889. The United States recognized the independence of all of them in 1822, and in Monroe's hands-off-the-American-continent warning of 1823, directed against the Holy Alliance, our country guarded their independence and has maintained them on the map of the nations. Mexico will celebrate its independence centenary on September 16th and naturally it wants Americans to join in the festivities. Both by representatives of our government and by private citizens America will participate in the celebration. Although the war for independence in Latin America, as in our case in 1775-81, did not end until years after it started, 1910 is an appropriate date mark for its observance. In Argentina the celebration began on May 25th, with Uruguay on the same day; Colombia's started on July 20th and Chili's will take place two days later than Mexico's, or on September 18th.

Proximity and trade give Mexico a larger interest for the United States than any other Latin-American country has. Two-thirds of Mexico's external trade, exports and imports, is with the United States. Over \$700,000,000 of American capital is invested in Mexican railways, mines, mills, steamships, banks and other interests and the amount is steadily increasing. General Porfirio Diaz, who has been at the head of the Mexican republic ever since 1876, except from 1880 to 1884, and who was recently re-elected for a further term of six years, has hosts of warm admirers in the United States. During his third of a century of sway Mexico's population has doubled and its activities and wealth have more than quadrupled. Under President Diaz's vigorous and intelligent rule revolution has been abolished, stability has been established and his country's credit stands high in the money markets of the world. The Mexican centennial celebration which begins on the sixteenth of September will call attention to the heroic priest, Don Miguel Hidalgo, who raised the banner of revolt in the little town of Dolores, in the state of Guanajuato, a hundred years previously, and who, though himself defeated and executed, started the war of independence which, long afterward, placed Mexico on the roll of nations.



More Confidence in the States.

IT IS not to be expected that Colorado, Montana, California and other Western States will relish the statement of Gifford Pinchot that the States are not to be trusted with the conservation of their water-power sites. In a pamphlet issued by the National Conservation Association, of which he is president, Mr. Pinchot reviews the conduct of the association during the last Congress, and in reference to certain water-power bills introduced by Senators and Representatives from the above mentioned States says, "These bills would have granted water-power sites now in Federal ownership to the States, or would have subjected them to condemnation by power companies under State laws. Either course would have sacrificed all Federal rights of control." Natural resources in which the Federal government has a property interest are, nevertheless, as much subject to the sovereignty of the States in which they are located as any privately owned property. The trouble with some of our conservationists is that they seem to think that the States can't be trusted to protect their own resources, and that no one can be really trusted in the matter but Mr. Garfield or Mr. Pinchot.

The position of the Western States is that forest and coal lands and water-power sites are to be of

some use now as well as a century later, while the effect if not the purpose of the Garfield-Pinchot policy, as aptly described by Senator Borah, of Idaho, is that they be kept out of use as long as possible. We do not see how the Western States which are interested in the development of the West could take any other position than that which they have taken, and as the national policy of conservation develops we believe it will be found that the Federal government in its relations to these natural resources within the States in which it has a property interest, will have to give more and more consideration to the wishes of the States in the pursuance of their sovereign rights.



The Plain Truth.

THE SLOPPY sentimentality of some of the newspapers is sickening. While two or three sensational newspapers in New York were printing columns, during the hot wave, concerning the thousands of babes and sick mothers who were perishing in the tenements for want of ice, this interesting fact was developed by the *Ice Trade Journal*: A local ice company last year gave ten thousand tons of ice to charity organizations free. It was to be delivered to bearers of coupons given out by the organization, yet coupons for only seventy-five tons in the aggregate were presented. The *Ice Trade Journal* thinks that "this ought to prevent the newspapers from ever again talking about how the ice men raise prices so high that thousands die because they have no ice to suck." Our contemporary doesn't realize the depths of the moral depravity of the yellow journal.

THE Secretary of Agriculture, who has witnessed the coming and going of many a fellow Cabinet official, puts his O. K. on Secretary Ballinger in these strong terms: "During the fourteen years I have served in the Cabinet I have met no man who has given more conscientious attention to duty, whose integrity and loyalty has been of a higher order, than that of Richard A. Ballinger, Secretary of the Interior." His traducers have failed utterly to make good their charges, and this opinion of Secretary Wilson should speak eloquently to the public in creating a reasonable and just feeling on their part toward Mr. Ballinger. The newspapers report that Mrs. Maud Glavis, wife of one of the principal witnesses in the Ballinger-Pinchot inquiry, has filed an affidavit in the Superior Court at Seattle in which she alleges that her husband offered her a government position and attorney fees if she would consent to a divorce. If she is able to prove her allegation it will not add to the moral prestige of the man whose reckless charges had so much to do with raising the wholly unjust outcry against the Secretary of the Interior.

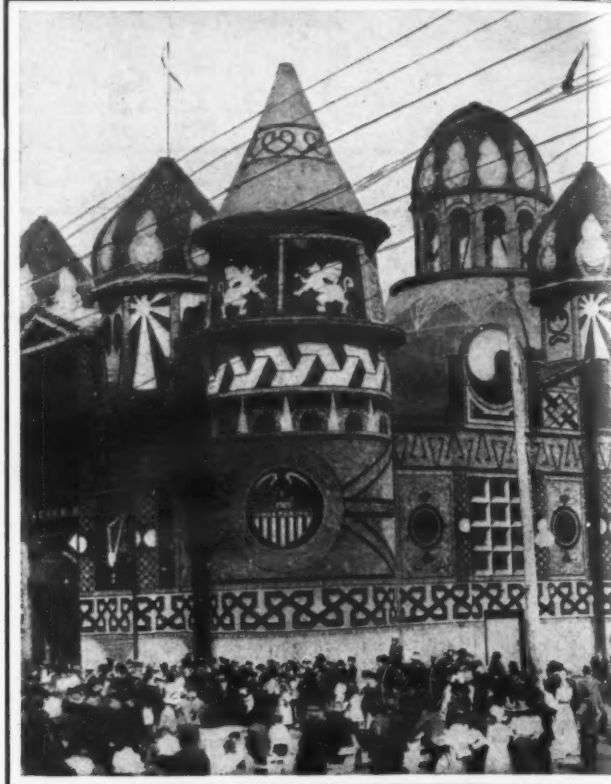
WHEN the wide-awake New York *Mail* suggested to the Republicans of New York that they could fittingly select Colonel Roosevelt as temporary chairman of their approaching State convention, it was generally expected that the suggestion would be carried out. The State committee, however, recommended Vice-President Sherman for the honor, out-voting the advocates of Roosevelt's selection. An effort was made to prove that this was done with the knowledge and consent of President Taft and thereupon a break between Taft and Roosevelt was predicted. This was an intolerable situation for the President and he lost no time in making it clear, in his own decisive way, in a letter to Chairman Griscom, of the New York Republican county committee, that he approved the suggestion of Colonel Roosevelt as temporary chairman and had sent a telegram to Vice-President Sherman suggesting co-operation with the ex-President. This ought to put at rest for the present, the rumor of a growing antagonism between Taft and Roosevelt. In this connection a statement by Congressman Cocks, of Mr. Roosevelt's district and for many years an intimate friend of the latter, is worth recalling. He says, "When Colonel Roosevelt was about to leave the White House, he called a number of us up and told us he wanted us to work as hard as we could to make President Taft's administration a success and wanted us to stick to Mr. Taft, no matter what happened. Not by word or suggestion has he at any time changed from this attitude." What else could be expected?

With the Camera Man



An American Fourth of July Banquet in Japan.

The most elaborate celebration of its kind in a foreign land, held at Yokohama. Seventy diners were present as guests of Consul-General Thomas Sammons, including H. W. Denison, of the Japanese Foreign Office; Captain J. H. Shipley, U. S. N.; H. E. Cole, Manager of the Standard Oil Co.; N. F. Smith, President of the American Asiatic Society of Japan; Captain T. W. Garlick, of the S. S. *Minnesota*; H. E. Thomas, J. O'Brien, American Ambassador; and J. Russell, Manager Associated Press.



South Dakota's Harvest Monument.

The great Corn Palace at Mitchell, made of grains from all the counties in South Dakota. The principal farm products of the State are to be exhibited in it from September 26 to October 1.



"If They Want a Fight, I'll Give It to Them."

An unusual photograph of Colonel Roosevelt taken at Herkimer, N. Y., on August 24, as he was expressing his attitude in New York State politics. Copyright American Press Association.



The Remains of a Magnificent Spectacle.

A view of the ruins of the Brussels World's Fair which was swept by fire on August 14. The property loss was more than \$100,000,000. The entire exposition was demolished.



One of Philadelphia's Great Outdoor Religious Rallies.

Each Sunday, throughout the summer, under the auspices of the Lemon Hill Association, an outdoor religious meeting is held at Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. During the ten weeks of the sessions more than 60,000 people have attended these non-sectarian meetings. The work is under the direction of the Rev. James B. Ely. On Saturday of each week about 1,000 poor children are entertained with games and ice cream, followed by a religious meeting.



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"There Is a God"

By James Oliver
Curwood

Drawings by
George F. Kerr



The torture that I have undergone for so long will be ended, if you kill me now. But remember this, Tom—it is I—not science and progress—that have killed your God. It is such wrongs as I have done you that have killed God for these other thousands you speak of. I made you suffer terribly, and I repented long ago—when—when—his voice choked him for a moment—"when she died," he finished. "It is not because I fear death that I urge you not to kill me. It is not because I am a Christian, for I have sinned too deeply to be that. It is because I know that after you have killed me you will repent, as I have repented, and that you will suffer more than you

"Yes," groaned the other; "you did. You were a brother to me then—and afterward."

"Afterward," sneered Gunnison. "Yes; after that I took you into the business which my father left to me. You got my confidence absolutely. You were as free in my home as a brother. My two little children loved you almost as much as they did me. I trusted you. And in return you robbed me. I knew that I was ruined as I came home that day, and yet even then I tried to find excuses for you, as I would have found excuses for a brother. No thought of arrest, of punishment, entered my mind. Temptation had led you into a colossal mistake. That was my defense of you. And when I reached home I found that you had ruined that, too. I have her letter still—the letter which told of your scheming and plotting together, a confession of the sins of both, a weak prayer for forgiveness. From that day I lost you both. You disappeared. I did not set the law upon your trail, but worked, worked like ten men, until I rose above my ruin, stronger, wealthier, more determined. I watched and hunted through the years, and at last I found you out here. I came, and found that she had died. You did not recognize me, because I bear no resemblance to what I was ten years ago. I inveigled you a hundred miles away to look at a mining claim which did not exist, and when I knew that you were in my clutches I came out here—alone—and planted this stake deep in the desert sand. I do not want to kill you outright. I shudder at that, for I am not in a passion, am not excited. I do not want to see you die, for such a sight would be distasteful to me. Yet I want you to die slowly, by inches, so that you may suffer a little as I have suffered during the past ten years. That is all. Do you see hope?"

"I AM going to kill you," said Gunnison, as coolly as though he were asking for a match. "I am going to kill you in a way which I would not employ if I were a Christian. But I am not a Christian. I am one of those increasing millions who believe that we live out our hell here upon earth, and that if there is anything at all for us in the hereafter it will be an improvement over this thing that we call life, no matter how wicked we have been according to the apostolic code. I believe that there is no God, no heavenly justice, no righting of wrong by a hand more powerful than that of man. Therefore I fear no punishment for what I am about to do. I am acting according to my own conscience. I will be happier when you are dead, and my happiness will be increased when I think of the manner in which you died."

Gunnison spoke with as little passion in his voice as though he was in his office at home giving instructions to one of his clerks. He sat on the edge of a white rock, with the blistering desert sun glaring upon his head. His strong, still handsome face was burned red. His eyes were bloodshot. His lips were cracked. There were lines of suffering about his mouth. The one to whom he spoke stood with his back against the post to which Gunnison had tied him. He was a younger man by half a dozen years, at least, and in his face was the same terrible coolness, the same bloodshot eyes, the torture of the sun. Miles to the south of them rose a bluish, hazy blur of mountains; to the east, the west and the north swept a thousand red-hot miles of desert. In all that could be seen of it there were but three things that pulsated with life—Gunnison on his rock, the man against the post and a buzzard circling like a black dot in the sky far over their heads.

"I AM not mad, Paul," went on Gunnison evenly, gently wiping his blistered face with a handkerchief. "I have ceased to be insane for vengeance, as I was once. I am doing this thing coolly, deliberately, with judgment, and if you have any arguments in your favor I will listen to them in all fairness and deal with you according to their merits. But I refuse to be moved by your attempt to hide yourself behind God. You say that you merit a great punishment at my hands, and yet in the same breath you say that God will punish me for what I am about to do, and you entreat me to take some other method of 'getting even,' as you call it. You will concede that I am a man of brains, and you must also concede that in this twentieth century there are many men of brains who are beginning to laugh at God as He has been pictured to us. I am one of these. There can be no God. Progress and science are proving it to us more every day. The miracles of nineteen centuries ago are but the simplest tricks of science to-day. We are but creatures of evolution, and I am not afraid of a God. Have you anything more to say?"

The man at the post straightened himself and spoke in a parched, throat-swollen voice.

"There is a God, Tom," he said. "I am not a preacher. I have been devilishly wicked and I repeat that I deserve punishment. It is because I have done so much wrong that I urge you not to do the same. I have suffered more than you can make me suffer by killing me.

have ever suffered before. That is proof there is a God."

Gunnison laughed harshly.

"It's a pretty plea," he said.

"It is not a plea," retorted the other, wetting his lips. "That is, it's not a plea for myself. And I am not preaching with a hope of saving my own soul. It is to save you. It is that a wrong already great enough shall not be made greater—by making you a murderer. Do you understand? If you kill me, it is because of my own sin. I will have made a murderer as well as—"

Gunnison sprang to his feet with a fierce cry.

"STOP!" he demanded. "It is for me to tell you what you have made—besides a murderer!" For the first time there was passion in his face, a livid, threatening fire back of the sunburn, a spasmodic clinching of his fingers as he stood before the man tied to the post. "I have heard enough of God," he continued, making an effort to restrain himself. "I am going over the old story briefly. If you see a loophole—if you see anything that gives you a ray of hope—tell me. I will be fair."

They stood for a moment in silence, gazing into each other's heat-reddened eyes.

"First, it was college," said Gunnison. "I made it possible for you to go to college; I helped to teach you, because I liked you; I made you what you afterward became, in brains."

THE other looked at him with unflinching steadiness.

"None," he said. "But I, too, have suffered, and of all the suffering inflicted upon man none is so terrible as that of remorse."

"You are guilty," said Gunnison, "deliberately, devilishly guilty?"

"Yes."

Gunnison bent over a small brown jug beside the rock, opened it and drew forth a dripping rawhide thong.

"This rawhide is thoroughly soaked in water," he explained, as he wound it around the other's neck and about the post. "I place it in a noose about your neck—like this—but not tight enough to stop your breath. The sun will cause it to shrink rapidly, and within a few hours it will choke you to death. Good-by!"

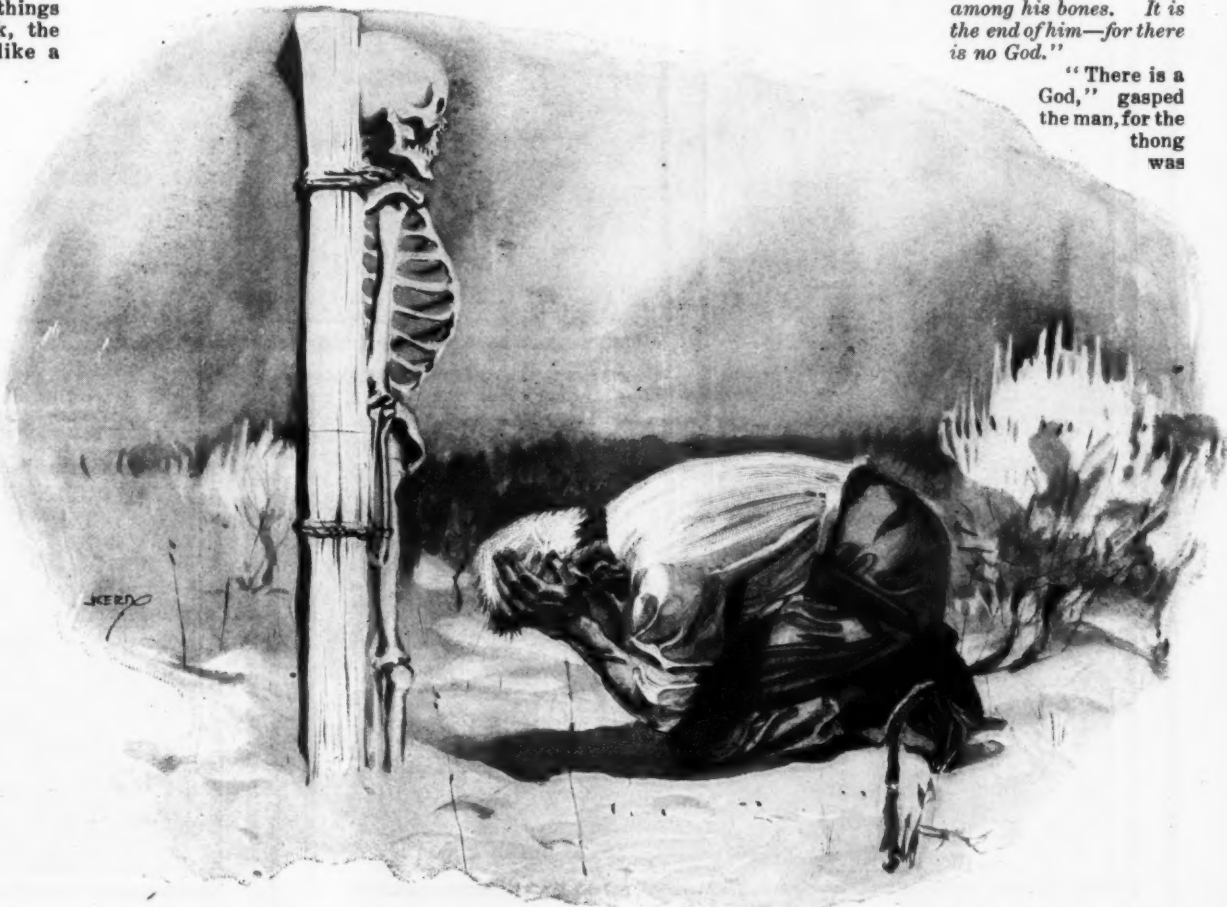
"Gunnison—great God!—won't you even shake hands—say that you forgive me—"

"No. But I will write your epitaph."

He drew a pencil from his pocket and scribbled in large letters on the post:

"This is the end of a man. Look at him. See if you can find a soul among his bones. It is the end of him—for there is no God."

"There is a God," gasped the man, for the thong was



"Paul—Paul—There is a God." He sank upon his face."

tight about his neck, almost to the point of strangling him.

"You are mistaken, Paul. There is no God," laughed Gunnison, as he turned and walked through the desert sands toward the blue haze of distant mountains. A mile away he came to a little clump of gnarled and dust-choked bushes. In them were two horses. One of them he shot. The other he mounted and rode from the bushes. Out on the desert he stopped for a moment to look back. He could see the post and the man and the black, circling dot in the sky. The dot was lower—much lower—and he shuddered as he turned again toward the blue haze of the mountains.

FIFTEEN miles to the south, sweltering in the hot breath of the desert, was the mine. The broken mountains rose about it, running in a thin, baked range east and west, and covered with seared vegetation and stifled trees. They were mountains buried in the desert—except on the east, where they ran into another and greater range, over which the first prospectors had come. It was a gold mine, with some placer and a great deal of rotten quartz, or men would not have worked a quarter of it. A century before, others had found it, and had died or lost its location; for when Quigley came along that range with his burro and his indomitable nerve, he found ancient workings and signs which he figured were that old at least. Quigley had always had faith in the desert range, and his strike passed that faith on to others; so that while he and a few companions were gathering a fortune out of the soft rock, a few score of others were feverishly prospecting the three or four thousand square miles of desert-baked mountains about them.

Not once in a year did a man strike foot in the desert. It remained for an old forty-niner, named Hodgson, to set a precedent. One day he set out due north into the purplish heat with a water-laden burro. He was gone four months. On a boiling afternoon he returned, followed by circling black dots in the sky. He was raving mad. Heat and thirst had baked his reason. He brought back a fortune in gold nuggets and dust, and amid his incoherent babble of sand and rock that was yellow with treasure he spoke of the whitened bones of a dead man hanging against a post. He died a little later.

The day of his return marked the first call of the desert. Thompson—"Big John," they called him—was the next to take a chance. He was heavy-footed, weighed two hundred, and it was no surprise that he never came back. But the trail had begun, and there were others to

take his place in pursuit of the golden ignis fatuus somewhere out in the mysterious depths of the desert.

It was late afternoon of a day when one of these adventurers, traveling across the hot sands ahead of his burro, came upon what Hodgson had raved about in his delirium—the bones of a man hanging to a post. The bones were fleshless and glistening white. Hot winds and hot suns had seared the articulations until the bones stood firm and rigid in their place. About the neck was a thong of dried rawhide, as hard as iron. The skeleton wrists were tied behind the post, and there were other thongs about the middle and the knees. A foot of drifted sand buried the thing's feet. On the post were written words, as legible as when they were first made, which sent a strange thrill of fear through the gold-seeker. He went to the bit of heat-stunted bush and camped for the night. In the morning he found the bones of a horse. Before he resumed his way he thought of others who might follow him, and wrote on the post

below the epitaph, "This is the way that Hodgson came home. The range must be due north of here."

Others followed. Some one found the range and came back to tell about it, so that a year after the adventurer had left his direction on the post and had died as a consequence of following it, the words he had written were scratched out and these took their place: "Three days' journey northwest—a little more north than west—and you strike the range."

THE TRAIL was easy after that, and whoever set out to follow it struck first for what had come to be called the Skeleton Post. It entered no man's mind to molest the bones or to bury them. Time in the desert was too precious for sentiment. There was gold in the second range—so much of it that Hodgson's ravings were more than verified—and the Skeleton Post pointed the way to that gold. So the bones were taken seriously and with a certain degree of awe. There were no bullet holes in the post, for the boldest of the men who passed its way would not have dared to desecrate the thing against it. Strangely enough, the eyeless sockets of the bleached skull stared into the northwest—so that a line drawn at right angles from between those sockets would have hit the nearest point of the range. When this fact was discovered and made a memorandum of on the post, the skeleton held a still greater significance. One day two gold-seekers saw that one of the thigh bones was loosening, and they tied it securely in place. This set another precedent, and subsequent gold-seekers strengthened it in like manner when they perceived signs of dismemberment.

At last there came a lone prospector to the Skeleton Post who was different from the others. He was young, and even in the desert the joy of living—the love of life—leaped in his eyes and movement. The love of a true woman, for whom he was seeking fortune now, was every moment stirring all that was good and strong in his red blood. To him the purplish glare ahead was not the death heat of a desert, but a varicolored, glistening thing filled with visions of hope and anticipation. He read what was on the post, and then he drew an obliterating cross through the epitaph and wrote in strong, firm letters above it: "This is a mistake. There is a God."

A NEW route was found to the gold range. It led up from the north through a green valley, with water and trees and grass, and all men took it. Through hot summers and dry winters the skeleton remained alone against

(Continued on page 245.)

Shoved to the Front



HERE'S lots o' men called leaders in the callin' they have chose,
When ev'ry one his forgin' to some other feller owes;
Some feller who's a-cheerin' him by singin' of a song
An' backin' of him up the while fame's coaxin' him along.
The world looks on approv'n' an' asserts 'at he is great,
They're 'lectin' of him Senator or Governor o' the State;

They say to nat'ral leadership by fate he's been inclined,
When a lot o' unknown fellers shoved him forward from behind.

A lot o' whole-souled fellers with the biggest kind o' hearts,
Whose lives are spent a-levelin' loam or mixin' in the marts,
They stand behind the feller, with a faith in him confessed,
An' pat him on the shoulders till he's doin' of his best.
The feller forges onward, till the whole world takes him up,
An' with the sweets o' honor fame is fillin' of his cup;
They say he's won his leadership by force an' breadth o' mind,
When a lot o' unknown fellers shoved him forward from behind.

His name is in the papers linked with varied bits o' news,
His picture's in the magazines and quarterly reviews,
The world applauds his speeches, though it's jes' as like as not
If some one else had made 'em they'd be nothin' more'n rot!
Folks jes' go crazy o'er him, he's a leader born, o' course,
His onward sweep's attributed to perseverin' force.
He's made hisself, they say, an' forged with jes' his courage blind,
When a lot o' unknown fellers shoved him forward from behind.

ROY FARRELL GREENE.

Amateur Photo Contest



(Third Prize, \$2.) London's Smallest House.

Situated in the fashionable Hyde Park section.
Feliz J. Koch, Ohio.



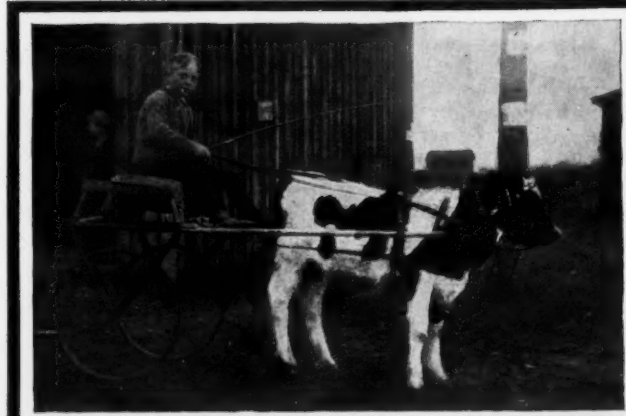
(First Prize, \$5.) Like Mercury the Messenger.

A graceful dive by a lady swimming expert at Long Branch, N. J.—Mabelle M. Winsted, New Jersey.



"Natural Comedy."

The trick billy goat's appreciative audience.—Orville M. Ryan, Illinois.



(Second Prize, \$3.) A Product of Home Industry.

An eccentric turn-out manufactured at home.—F. A. Herrick, New York.

The "Story-telling" Lady

By William H. Hamby

Drawings by Arthur E. Jameson



THE CHILDREN watched the door eagerly. There was a large company of them, as usual, for it was their day at the library and this was the story-telling hour. But the Story-telling Lady was a little late this afternoon. She had been crying, and it took her longer to quit and rub out the signs of the tears than she guessed. But the children never knew, for when she came in and they gave her a hearty, spontaneous cheer, her eyes were bright, her lips smiled and she looked ever so happy. She really was happy just then, for she loved the children as much as they loved her.

When the last story was told and she arose to go, many of them gathered around her—two or three got hold of each hand and the others as close as they could. Looking down smilingly at them, she saw the Little Girl wedged among the rest, her hand outstretched to stroke the Lady's dress. The child was scarcely five, had wonderful, serious blue eyes, and her hair, hanging unbraided down her back, was like ripe wheat rippled by the June breeze.

Before the Story-telling Lady was out of the big library building, she remembered leaving her gloves on the table and went back for them. The children were all gone except the Little Girl. She sat quite still, her hands buckled closely together in her lap, her big eyes filled with some long, long thought.

"Why, dear, where is your mamma?" asked the Lady.

The child held her lips tightly together and shook her head.

"Hasn't she come yet?" The Story-teller went up and laid a dainty hand on the soft, wavy hair.

Again she shook her head. This time the lips just would not stay still, but began to tremble, and a big tear crept from the corner of each blue eye.

"She died," the child said. "She died when I's jes a little bitty girl."

The Story-telling Lady had trouble with her own lips and something rose again and again in her throat, as though it would choke her.

"But where is your nurse, childie?" she asked tenderly.

Again the little head shook and again the tears started.

"She hasn't come."

"Never mind, dear." She sat down beside the child and began to tie on her little hat. "I'll take you home. Where do you live?"

"Four hundred and firty Cherry Street," she answered glibly, her face brightening. "Papa makes me say it till I knows it good," she explained proudly.

On the car she sat very close, smiling and delicately patting or stroking the Lady's arm, and once slyly touched her hand.

"That's where I lives." The Little Girl pointed ahead to a large, handsome house; but there was none of the joy of getting home in her face. Instead, she clung the tighter to the Lady's hand as they left the car and went up the steps. The blinds were drawn and the house looked lonesome. The Story-telling Lady rang the bell, but there was no response. The child, who had never let go her hand, huddled closer to her. Again she rang, again and again, but no one answered.

"DESS Aunt Minnie's gone away," said the child soberly. And again there were signs of tears in her eyes—frightened eyes now.

"Where is your papa?" asked the Lady.

The Little One shook her head.

"He's gone away, too. He goes every day."

The Lady was in doubt what to do. She might leave the child at a neighbor's until her father returned; but when she suggested it, the Little Girl began to cry and clung closer than ever. Finally she tried the front door—the old servant had left it unfastened—and went in. It was nearly sundown now and the shadows would be creeping directly. She could not leave the child until some one came.

"When will your papa come?" she asked.

"Pitty soon," she answered, and snuggled close in the Story-teller's arms. They were in the sitting-room, in a big, easy chair. "Tell me story."

"What sort of story, dearie?"

"Somethin' that makes me cry," replied the child. "I want to cry."

The lady gathered the little girl close in her arms and gazed silently out the window for a full minute. "Well?" The child's tone was impatient.

"Ain't you donner begin?"

"I—I forgot," said the Lady in an apologetic tone,

"but here is one that I think you'll like, dear."

Before the story was finished the door opened, and there was a man's step in the hall.

"It's papa," said the child, sitting up. "Tell it to him—he likes to cry, too."

"No, child," she said, laughing sadly. "I must go now." She arose as the man entered the door.

"The nurse failed to come for her," said the Story-telling Lady hurriedly, "and I brought her home. There was no one here and she was afraid to stay alone."

"Thank you," said the man gratefully, and he bowed with deference. He had a strong face, with deep brown eyes that told of his acquaintance with grief. "Old Minnie, the nurse, just remembered to telephone me a half hour ago. Her nephew happened to have an accident and she left while the Little One was at the library. I came by for her, but they said some one had gone with her. And this seems to be the day off for the rest of the help."

"She tells stories, papa," spoke up the Little Girl brightly.

HE laughed. "I suppose most of us do, honey." Then turning to her, "You are the 'Story-telling' Lady?"

"Yes."

"The Little One seems to live only for her Thursdays."

She went then, and although she cried a little that night it was not for herself. After that the Little Girl's father came for her every Thursday. Sometimes he and the Story-telling Lady met at the door or in the hall. She always nodded to him and smiled, but they seldom spoke. One afternoon the Story-telling Lady looked very tired—she had been crying again. She had told so many stories—fairy stories, folk stories, history stories, animal stories, all sorts of stories children love—that she could not think of any more that afternoon; but when she looked at her watch, it lacked ten minutes of the

time to quit. Then she leaned her chin in her hand and, looking out of the window, told a story of a poor young widow.

"All her folks had died," she said, "and she was quite alone. Some mean, greedy people came and took everything away from her and turned her out of her own house. And she had, oh, ever so hard a time to live!"

"She stayed with some people in a big house, but they did not care anything about her and she was dreadfully lonely. Sometimes, when the sun went down behind the city walls and the shadows came creeping, creeping in through the windows and filled the corners of the room with blackness, she sat and cried and cried, because she was all alone."

"Oh," she said, "if I only had a little child I could stand it!" for she loved children dearly.

"And one evening, while she sat all alone and cried and cried, while the shadows came creeping, creeping in at the window, a fairy came and touched her arm."

"Fair Lady, why do you weep?" he asked very politely.

"Because I'm all alone, without a stick or a stone or a chick or a child to call my own."

"If you were given one wish—only one wish in all the world—what would it be?" he asked.

"Oh, a little girl!" she cried, clasping her hands in joy.

"And then the little fairy took a chair and pushed it next the wall and climbed up and stood on the back of it, and she wondered what he was going to do. Then she noticed that right above him on the wall hung the picture of the most beautiful little girl, with big blue eyes and bright brown hair, wavy like ripe wheat when the June wind plays over it."

THE good fairy struck the picture seven times with his staff and vanished. Then the little girl in the picture slowly batted her eyes, just like she was waking up, and jumped down out of the picture and ran to the woman, crying "Mamma, mamma, I've come back!"

"And so she had; and the poor young widow hugged her to her heart and sang and sang, so happy that she forgot the shadows in the corner. And when she looked, they had all crept out and the moon was shining in their place; and after that the poor young widow was always happy."

The story ended in a faint sob. There was silence and the Little Girl did not dare to look up. Somehow, she felt it was a sacred silence. She could hear her own heart beat and imagined that it was marking time for some low, sad melody that somewhere she had heard before. Unconsciously she let her mind follow in the wake of the slow-moving strain. Vague images trooped before her. She saw a garden, wildly beautiful with a riot of swaying flowers. A tall figure, golden-haired, clad all in white, seemed to come slowly down the path edged with soft, green box. A laughing face seemed to beckon her, two arms stretched forth invitingly. The picture grew somber, then almost black. A long line of weary, drooping figures shut out the sun-lanced garden with its laughing genius. A great, square hole seemed suddenly to yawn at her feet,



"She snuggled close in the Story-teller's arms."

and something long and heavy was being lowered into it. From out of the distance came the low, sad melody. She sobbed noiselessly.

Then she felt the arm about her shoulder tremble. She looked up with a slight start, but the Lady was gazing straight ahead, out of the opposite window. The child thought that the Lady's chin quivered ever so little, and she felt something warm drop on her arm. She raised her hand slowly and touched reverently the Lady's cheek.

"I'm sorry," she whispered. "Oh, so sorry!"

The Lady smiled and stroked the child's hair. She bent and kissed the grave little face—kissed it hungrily. Then she held the Little Girl away from her at arms' length and gazed for a moment into the wide eyes that seemed to understand.

"It was only a story," she said slowly; "and yet, when I—but it was only a story, dear."

ON the next Thursday the Little Girl was not in her accustomed place in the little assemblage. "The Story-telling" Lady seemed restive and anxious, for she asked two of the little girls if they knew aught of their friend. Nor was the child present on the following week. That evening, when the children had cooed their farewells, the Lady hurriedly put on her hat and coat and hastened toward the great mansion where the Little Girl lived in her lonely elegance. On the doorstep she paused for a moment, undecided; then, with a conscious effort, she rang the bell. A grave-faced maid ushered her into the foyer.

"The Little Girl," whispered the Lady. "She wasn't at my class, you know, and I've come to see if—"

"Sick to bed," said the maid. "Sick these two weeks, and never a one the long days through but me and nurse. Her papa comes of evenings, but she's mostly asleep then. Ma'am, she's a little lady! Never a word she says or whimper, but she looks at you so! Oh, times it nearly sets me crying!"

"I would like to see her." There was a quaver in the Lady's voice.

The maid turned silently, motioning that the Lady follow, and led up the stairway. At the door of a room she stopped and signaled that the Lady enter. Swiftly the Lady crossed the threshold—swiftly she moved across the room to a great white bed, where, propped on a mountain of pillows, a tiny bit of humanity, with great, lustrous eyes, sat silently. The Lady seized a feverish hand that was lying empty on the coverlet and buried a kiss in its palm. Then she felt a warm cheek laid against her own, and the child said softly,

"I'm so glad! I bin all alone."

Each day the Story-telling Lady spent at the bedside of the Little Girl. Early in the morning she arrived, and all the day told stories wherein knight

in shining armor rescued golden-haired princesses, and little girls had great beasts, lions and tigers, for their own pets. The Lady left the house always before five o'clock. She never encountered the father. Once the child told her:

"Papa says you mustn't trouble so. It ain't right; but—but I told him I needed you, and he smiled and called you beautiful."

The Lady blushed and turned away. When she looked upon the child again, her eyes were dewy.

"And I need you," she said; and the child marveled at the fervor of the hug.

In three weeks the child was well.

The following Thursday afternoon, when the other children had gone, the Little Girl lingered. And the Story-telling Lady stayed, too, for she knew the Little Girl was broken-hearted when she did not get a chance to hold her hand and smile into her face for a moment.

"My papa tells stories," she ventured. "He can tell lovely stories."

"He can? Well, isn't that nice!" She sat down and drew the child against her knee.

"He told me an orful good story last night. 'Bout—'bout a be-a-ut-i-ful lady that loves little girls. And he's goin' to try to get her to be my mamma—and—and she tells stories, too."

Through the open window came the grinding, chugging sound of an automobile stopping in the street below.

"Wasn't that a fine story?" The Little Girl fondly patted the Lady's arm.

"A VERY fine story," answered the Lady, dreamily looking out of the window at the spring sky. "Oh I mean no!" She turned back quickly, blushing. "No, that was not much of a story."

She was still blushing, so she hurriedly turned away when the man stood in the door.

"Come, Dotty," he called to the little one; and the Lady started for the other door.

"A moment," he called, hurriedly coming into the room. She turned, a red spot in each cheek, her eyes very bright; but she did not smile or speak.

"It is spring out of doors." He looked so very well to-day and his very way of saying it made the world beautiful. "Dotty and I are going for a ride—out on a road where things are in bloom. Won't you come with us?"

Just an instant she hesitated and dropped her eyes. "Yes."

And as they went down, the Little Girl held a hand of each, and the three looked as though they would never want to cry again.



"The child had never let go her hand."



Conducted by Clarence Richard Lindner

BOOKS WITH A MISSION.

A SERIOUS interpreter of social and economic conditions, Jack London is a good writer of short stories. The paradox explained means that he so blends his golden imaginings with the lead of weighty facts that the fusion, while an alloy of attractive luster, is still a deceptive and unserviceable one. The thirteen essays comprising his volume, "Revolution," touch more or less upon the social propaganda that shall bring about the millennium, when the capitalist and the ichthyosaurus shall be equally extinct. The casual reader had best beware lest Mr. London's skill at lurid writing convince him of things but partly true. Yet the essays are engaging reading. Mr. London has a viewpoint and it is an interesting one. He looks upon Kipling as the mouthpiece of this age of "commercialism and imperialism," and insists that ten million of our people are starving in pestilential ghettos as no unfortunates ever starved before. There is much real information for the discriminating seeker and much gospel for the parlor socialist. (Macmillan Co., N. Y. \$1.50.)

The commission plan of government has been triumphantly successful in many of our Western cities. Galveston and Des Moines have found in it needed and permanent reforms. John J. Hamilton, in "The Dethronement of the City Boss," gives a serviceable statement of the workings of the system, the results that have been obtained by its use and the promise

that it offers of clean municipal politics. It is an encouraging volume, well worth study. (Funk & Wagnalls, N. Y. \$1.20, net.)

"For educated men, what are the sources of the solid and durable satisfactions of life? Not primarily the gratifications of this moment or of tomorrow, but the satisfactions that are going to last and grow." In a series of five graceful essays, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard University, answers the question. Health, a clean mind, contentment, an appreciative intellect, honor

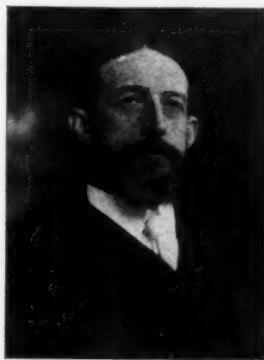
—all of these he holds as conducive to the happy life. The volume includes Dr. Eliot's famous prophecy of the religion of the future. ("The Durable Satisfactions of Life," T. Y. Crowell Co., N. Y. \$1, net.)

SOME FICTION—GOOD AND BAD.

Samuel Butler was the G. B. Shaw of the Victorian age. When "Erewhon" appeared, more than a generation ago, the critics acclaimed Butler the greatest satirist since Swift. "Erewhon" relates the adventures of an Englishman, named Higgs, who wanders into an unnamed province and lands among what he takes to be one of the lost tribes of Israel. He studies their customs and theories. Usages there are just opposite to those in Europe. Satire and romance are well mingled. After sundry thrilling adventures, in which the customs of England are bitingly satirized, Higgs escapes in a balloon with an Erewhon maiden. Some thirty years later Mr. Butler added a second volume to the work, calling it "Erewhon Revisited," and detailing the adventures of Higgs, Jr. The Erewhon books are as engrossing to-day as they were when the astounded Victorian complacents blushed to find themselves interested in those vivid caricatures of themselves. (E. P. Dutton, N. Y. \$1.25 each.)

We accept the name Charles Tenney Jackson as a synonym for promise. In a novel which is a veritable capsule wherein human emotions are compressed to their ultimate intensity, he gives us a hint of unusual power

(Continued on page 244.)



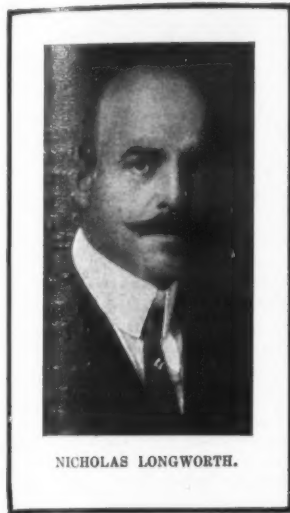
PROFESSOR W. P. TRENT,
Author of "Longfellow and
Other Essays."



ROBERT MCNUTT MCELROY,
Who wrote "Kentucky in the
Nation's History."

People Talked About

THE Grand Old Man of Danville is not yet out of the race, as witness his own statement to that effect; yet there has arisen in the opposing camp a figure that casts considerable shadow over a collection of conditions known as "speakership chances." Nicholas Longworth, Representative from Ohio, has removed his luggage from the Cannon camp and has issued a defiance. He withdraws from Mr. Cannon his support, though not his admiration, for he says that he admires the speaker in private life, but political conditions and methods no longer permit him to subscribe himself a Cannonite. He has been a Cannon supporter for many years, has gone through many struggles under "Uncle Joe's" standard; but the time has come, he says, to take another road—that road



NICHOLAS LONGWORTH.

seems to lead toward Beverly, Mass. The speaker's perseverance comes to the fore again. He will not retire, he says, no matter how many Republican congressmen form against him. Certain it is that henceforward Mr. Longworth will lead the fight against Mr. Cannon. The ex-President's son-in-law has become an important figure in politics. His stand seems to be backed by the views of a number of influential Republicans who no longer favor Mr. Cannon as arbiter of legislation. Mr. Longworth is still a young man, according to political standards. He is but forty-one years old. His political debut was made in the Ohio Legislature in 1899. Since 1903 he has been on the battlefield at Washington. Like a coming event, he seems to be casting a shadow before. 'Tis said that he's sure to follow the shadow.

THE West, it seems, is each day outstripping the rest of the country in extending the scope of women's endeavor and influence on public life. There women have gained the suffrage more than in the East and South; many public offices are now held by the fallaciously termed "weaker sex," who have been showing men that they, too, are of the race that "does things." Indeed, one of the most important of the West's educational workers is Miss Mary Stevens, of Missoula, Mont. She is dean of women in the State University, an author of note and a club woman whose influence is envied among the masculine dignitaries. Being one of the leading women in Montana means more than it does in New York. It does not mean "social standing"



MISS MARY STEVENS.

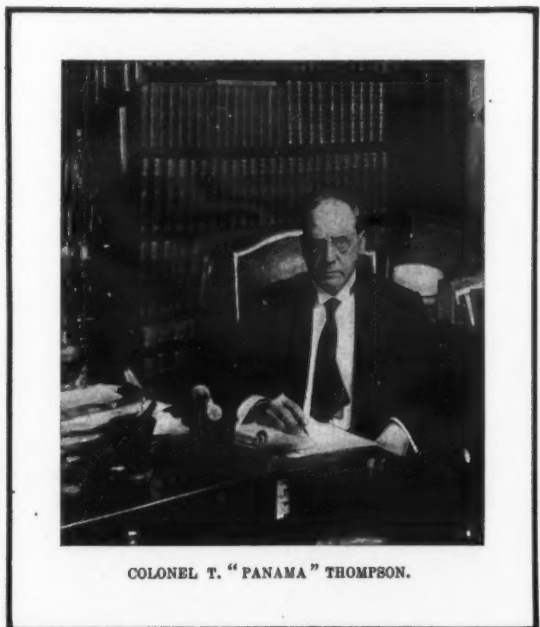
—a misused term in the East. Montana has three higher educational institutions. The State University, which boasts an endowment of nearly one million dollars, has two hundred students, three-fourths of whom are women, as is the case in the other institutions. The college women are taking active interest in the political and industrial situation. So, you see, being one of the leaders of feminine endeavor in that State is different from being a "social leader" in New York. Different? The positions compare as do the ant and the snail. It is the difference between doing things and letting other people do them.

DON C. SEITZ, the able business manager of the New York World, is well known as an author and humorist. He is, too, an admirer of Whistler. He is to give the public a Whistler Bibliography. Also he has completed a new book of European travel. He is now on a trip of relaxation to Japan.

FOUR years ago Queen Jessie, of the Little Romany band of gypsies, was a Baltimore society belle. Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star Spangled Banner," was one of her ancestors, and Justice Roger B. Taney, who wrote the famous Dred Scott decision, was her great-uncle. Her father is a wealthy broker of Baltimore. Five years ago she became acquainted with "King John," of the Little Romany tribe. The roving life appealed to her. To-day, at twenty-four, she lives the wild, free life, her white skin and refined appearance contrasting oddly with the swarthy-skinned people among whom she has cast her lot.

IN ADDITION to paying for his passage home to Italy, President Taft gave five hundred dollars to Michelangelo de Gregorio, the Italian laborer who stepped in front of Robert Taft's automobile some time ago and was seriously hurt.

WHEN you read of movements to secure world's fairs and great expositions for cities, you wonder, perchance, how those agitations originated. They are not, you know, spontaneous inspirations of whole commonwealths or municipalities. The entire population of a city does not wake up on a sunny morning, kick off the bed-clothes in haste and, without waiting for breakfast, rush to tell the newspaper editors and public officials that the burg ought to hold an exposition at some date within the ten years. You will find, usually, that one man is responsible. The brain to which New Orleans owes its boom for the world's Panama



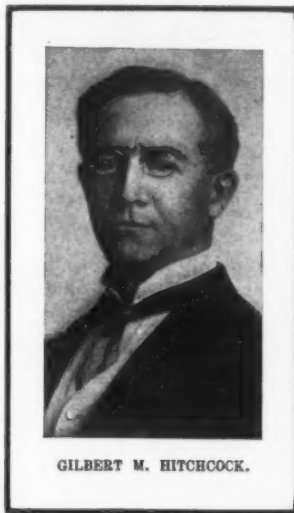
COLONEL T. "PANAMA" THOMPSON.

exposition of 1915 is that of Colonel T. P. Thompson, known to the South as "Panama" Thompson. He is a resident of New Orleans and one of the important business men of the city. He conceived the idea of an exposition to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal as early as 1906. He thought New Orleans the logical place. A year later, after considerable thought and planning, he gathered together a number of friends to talk it over. The panic of that year made postponement necessary, and the "committee of twenty-five," which was formed, deemed it inexpedient to do more than "talk it up." The idea took root rapidly. In a short while New Orleans was hot for the exposition, and now the boom has reached such proportions that millions of dollars of capital have been pledged, plans have been made, and the work goes merrily along toward 1915.

THE sleeping-car *Sympathy*, on a Southern railroad, through no intention of the officials, carried nothing but bridal couples on a recent trip. It was when the bombardment of rice began that an investigation showed all the occupants to be on their honeymoons.

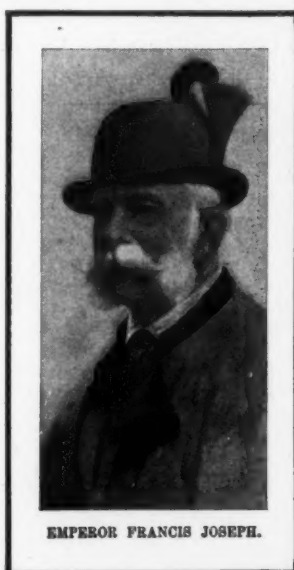
THE Carnegie Hero Fund Commission boasts a private hero of its own. Recently a mysterious man, at risk of his life, saved a chauffeur from burning to death at Pittsburgh. He was found, after long investigation, to be Albert J. Barr, a Pittsburgh newspaper proprietor and a director of the Associated Press. He is a member of the Hero Commission and a warm friend of the Laird of Skibo. Even when he was at last discovered, the hero insisted that he had done what any other man would have done under like circumstances. He refused to consider the award of a medal.

A CURIOUS situation comes to light with the victory of the Hon. Gilbert M. Hitchcock at the primaries for Senator from Nebraska. In winning the nomination for Democratic candidate, he frustrated the efforts of a man who, once his employé, rose to be the national leader of the Democratic party and a candidate for President on three occasions. Gilbert M. Hitchcock may look upon himself as the humble instrument that did much to shape William J. Bryan's career, for he it was who made the Perennial Candidate political editor of his paper, the Omaha *World-Herald*. It was in that capacity that Mr. Bryan attended the Democratic national convention in 1896, at Chicago, where he made the famous "crown of thorns and cross of gold" speech. In the senatorial primaries Mr. Hitchcock defeated Richard L. Metcalfe, also a former employé and latterly editor of Mr. Bryan's *Commoner*. Friends had solicited Mr. Bryan to be candidate himself at the primary, but he declined and passed the honor on to his *fidus Achates*, giving him all the benefit of the influence that a three-times presidential candidate can bestow. It looked as if Mr. Hitchcock would be worsted. But not so. The Old Employer came out so much on top that he had to look down a good distance to see the parties whom he left below. Now, all this happened right in Mr. Bryan's own State—the home of Democracy. Inferences may be mailed to the Query Department of the *Commoner*. It must give the new senatorial candidate a peculiar thrill of satisfaction to realize that he won an important nomination despite the great man's championing of the cause of the other former employé.



GILBERT M. HITCHCOCK.

EUROPE'S oldest monarch held a birthday party on August 17th. To it went one hundred members of a single royal family. There were present dukes and duchesses and archdukes and princesses and royalty of every other denomination—a regal gathering, indeed, to honor Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria on the occasion of his eightieth birthday. His brother monarchs from all over the world sent representatives or messages wishing him a favorable continuation of a reign which has been remarkable for its length and its results. He has accomplished much, has the veteran Emperor. For many years he has kept together a vast empire. He it was who directed the unification of Austria and Hungary. He has ruled with an iron hand, yet justly. He has managed vast colonial possessions, maintained a great military and naval organization, and is striving yet to keep his nation in the forefront of the world Powers. The party mentioned above took place at Ischl. The Emperor stipulated that it was to be a family gathering, pure and simple; but when the time came for sending out the invitations, it was found that the family numbered about one hundred persons. The Emperor celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his accession two years ago.



EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH.

THE Department of State named Dr. W. H. Tolman, director of the American Museum of Safety and chairman of the American executive committee of the International Committee on Social Insurance, to be delegate on the part of the United States to the International Congress of Workmen's Insurance, held at The Hague, from September 6th to 9th. Dr. Tolman is one of the foremost experts on this subject.



Mercedes

THE President of Lagonia did not wage war with a gloved hand. Anderson and I were caught with a raiding party of the "Revolutionists," and we knew that our American birthright would not save us. The President set his face grimly when we pleaded it. We need not flatter ourselves that we were taking part in a revolution, he said. We were nothing better than bandits, and he would shoot us first and apologize afterward. "At six o'clock, gentlemen," he added. He bowed courteously. There was fine Spanish blood in the aristocracy of Lagonia.

The people who stood about the hilly roadway also saluted us politely as we passed on our way, with a soldier at either side of each. The women whispered audibly to one another. We were a handsome pair of young gentlemen, they were kind enough to think, and it was a pity that we should come to such an untimely end. We thought so, too, as we looked down the green mountain, studded with patches of red and yellow and purple flowers and cobwebbed with streaks of silver river. There was a blue bay below the mountains and a blue sky above. It was too fine a day to die.

A quarter of a mile before the guardhouse two roads join. We were on the upper road and coming to the junction. The President's motor car stood on the track beneath, some ten feet below. The President's two daughters sat in it, and they bowed their dainty heads to us. They were the prettiest of the pretty girls in Lagonia. Mercedes was twenty and Lola was nineteen. We had spoken to them once. They had no mother and they often motored out to the army to see their father. Anderson and I had held them up the week before—and let them go! If we had told the "Revolutionists" about it, we should not have been left for the President to shoot. They would have made their own terms with the girls for hostages.

"I WISH we had them for hostages now," I remarked to Anderson. Our guards knew no English.

"Knock these beggars over and take them!" he hissed, between his teeth. He felled one soldier as he spoke and snatched the revolver from another. I treated my guards similarly, and they ran. Then we jumped down to the car, and Anderson "wound up," while I stood by the ladies with my hat in one hand and my revolver in the other.

"It is the fortune of war, señoritas!" I apologized.

"And we have no revolvers!" the fair Mercedes taunted me. "It is evident that you must have the car, so we will alight."

"Pardon me!" I said. "We must have you, too!"

The engine started. Anderson winged a guard who was aiming at us and jumped into the driver's seat. I joined him, sitting sideways and covering the ladies with my revolver. It was mere bluff, of course. If they had leaped out I wouldn't have fired. But they made no attempt to escape and did not seem greatly alarmed.

"You are foolish men," Mercedes told me, when we had started. "There are soldiers all along this road, and they will shoot you."

"They won't shoot," I retorted. "They'll be afraid of hitting you."

"If they fire at you they will," Lola informed me. "They never shoot straight. You will like to see us killed, of course!"

Hostages

By Owen Oliver,

Author of "Two Old at Forty," "Sunshine," etc.

Drawings by Gordon Grant

"No," I denied, "we wouldn't. You must get down on the floor and we will take our risk."

They tossed their heads and sat bolt upright. I have no doubt this saved our lives, for though many soldiers threatened to shoot, none did, obviously from fear of hitting the President's daughters. When we had passed the camp the ladies whispered to each other.

"You are so foolish, señor," the lovely Mercedes told me. "They will telegraph to the Port as soon as they think of it." She waved her white hand at the telegraph wires.

"You are a bad general, señorita!" I said. "You warn the enemy! Stop for a minute, Anderson. I'll cut the wires."

HE stopped and I did. The girls kept their places in the car and laughed at me as I struggled up the pole and slid down. They appeared to look upon their capture as a great joke.

"They will take you at the Port all the same," Mercedes said, "when we call to them."

"It would be better not to call," I bluffed; and tapped my revolver. "We have two charming hostages. I am sorry, señoritas; but life is life, and—You understand what I mean?"

"Oh, yes!" She looked at me with big, unflinching black eyes. "You will threaten to shoot us if they try to take you; but they will take you, and you will not do it!"

Anderson glanced at me over his shoulder. "Bluff them into believing it," he entreated. "If they squall we're done. I wouldn't hurt that little peach behind me for something. Keep your finger away from the trigger. We might jolt."

"Not even then!" she asserted; and Lola laughed.

"Not even then!" she declared.

"What the deuce am I to do with them?" I asked Anderson—of course, in English. "They won't be bluffed."

"If they won't, we're dead men," he answered.

"Señoritas," I declared solemnly, "our lives are at stake. You can save them by silence, perhaps. If you will try to do so, we shall not blame you or hurt you if you fail. But if you call to your friends to disregard our threats, you will call death upon yourselves."

Mercedes looked up at me with her head tilted back—good heavens, she was lovely!—and pushed her black hair off her white forehead and pointed to it.

"Will you like to shoot me here?" she asked. "Or here?" She touched her magnificent eyes. "Or here, perhaps?" She put her hand on her heart. "And where will your friend like to shoot my little one?" She put her arm round her sister, and that wild little creature sprang up and looked over Anderson's shoulder into his face.

"The señor would like to shoot me now, perhaps," she suggested. "Will he be so kind as to shoot straight? I do not like to be hurt too much. I am a baby if I am hurt, and I cry. Do I not, Mercedes mine?"

"She cries if she is frightened even," Mercedes asserted, "my little sister."

"She isn't crying now," I pointed out.

"I am not frightened now," Lola stated, and laughed.

"She is not frightened," said Mercedes, "and neither am I."

"Oh," I said sulkily, "very well." I put my revolver in my belt. "You know we won't shoot you, but if you set them on us you ought to be shot!"

"Of course," said Mercedes. "If Lola called them on you I should kill her. Should I not, my little one?"

"Of course, Mercedes darling!" said Lola, leaning back and fanning herself and smiling over the fan.

"We came to tell our father of your generosity the other day," Mercedes explained, "that before we dared not. But we were too late, and now he will not go back from his word. You must escape if you can; but I think you cannot."

"I think you cannot," Lola agreed. "I sorrow, therefore, señors."

We rounded a hill just then and came in full sight of the bay of Porta di Santa, about four miles away. An American warship was riding at anchor. We knew her.

"IF we could get on board!" Anderson said. His voice was a trifle hoarse. We were young, and life is life, and it was such a fine day! We leaned forward, staring at the vessel; and suddenly the revolvers were snatched from our belts. Mercedes had one and Lola the other.

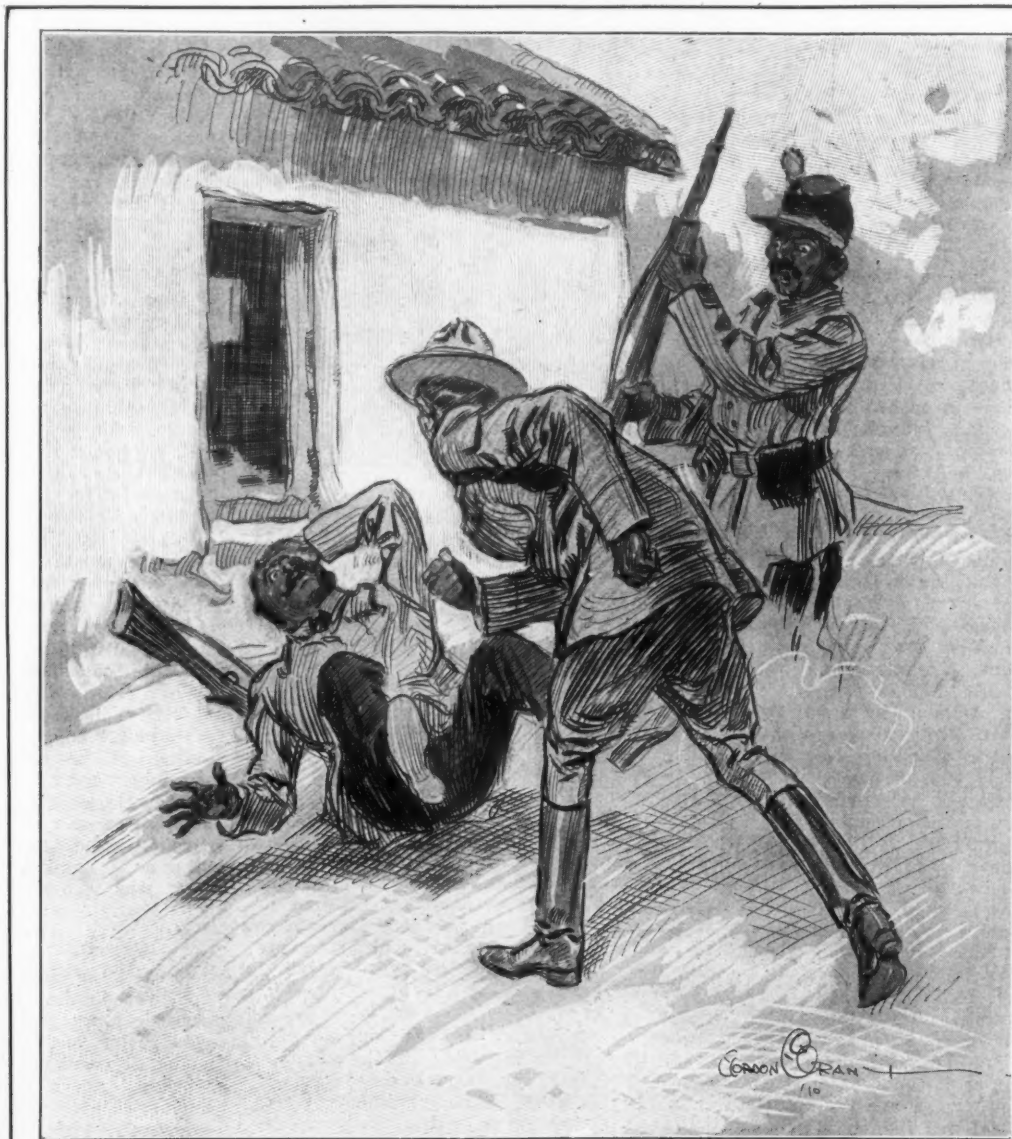
"We hold two hostages, señors," Mercedes said, showing her white teeth as she smiled. "And we know how to shoot."

"Mercedes does," Lola corrected. "I aim so badly! But you are a big target, Señor Anderson!" She laughed gayly.

"Shoot, then!" said Anderson savagely. "I don't cry if I am hurt."

I did not say anything, only looked at Mercedes; and she held the revolver out with the butt to my

(Continued on page 244.)



"He felled one soldier as he spoke and snatched the revolver from another."

"What says your friend?" Mercedes asked.

I explained, with all the sternness I could assume, that lives were lives and that my friend said that we must save ours at the peril of theirs; that they were hostages, in fact.

"But hostages that you will not shoot," Mercedes persisted smilingly.

"Well," I said, "if we can't stop them from rushing us by threatening to shoot you, we won't actually shoot—unless you give us away, don't you see?"



Seen in Stageland



By Harriet Quimby

"BABY MINE," AT DALY'S.

IT IS to be regretted that as clever a woman as Margaret Mayo should find the theme for her new comedy in a bedchamber and centered around the birth of a child. There are subjects which, while not indelicate in themselves, are not chosen as topics for drawing-room conversation, except by a certain circle peculiar to this century, the members of which revel in utter frankness. Miss Mayo seeks to justify herself in the choice of her subject in the announcement that the idea was taken from an authentic newspaper article, in which Lyman W. Rogers, treasurer of the National Maternity Hospital, said, "There are in Chicago to-day fully three thousand husbands fondling infants not their own, but babies adopted by their wives, and the deluded fathers are none the wiser." After attending the opening of the play, it is easy to understand why Grace George, who rehearsed the part of the young wife, decided at the last moment that she did not care to be identified with the role, which converts the dignity and sanctity of motherhood into a farce and but barely escapes the vulgar.

That there are funny lines and situations in the play there is no denying. If one can overcome the feeling of revulsion at the bad taste which underlies the theme, he will find entertainment in the three acts. The young husband and wife quarrel because of the husband's inordinate jealousy, and in a fit of temper he leaves to take up residence in another city. In casting about for a means by which to lure him back, the wife and her confidential friend hit upon the plan of adopting a baby. The difficulty in procuring a child, the premature arrival of the young husband in response to a wire that he has an heir, and his consequent bewilderment upon being informed that the infant has gone out for a walk furnish some of the material for the cast of competent players. The complications which arise when the mother in the hospital demands the return of her baby and the hustling about for another to replace the original furnish more comedy situations. In an



Who's Who on the Rialto.
126.—Fanny Brice in "Follies of 1910."
Caricature by Ed. A. Goewey.

effort to obtain one, three babies are brought in, and the deluded young husband revels in his joy and pride until the various parents arrive and claim their infants.

Marguerite Clark, who played the part of the wife when "Baby Mine" was produced in Chicago, has resumed that role for the New York production. Ernest Glendinning plays the part of the young husband. Arthur Jones is the comedian upon whom the chief burden of the play rests, and Ivy Troutman assumes the part of the confidential friend of the wife.

MEN IN DEMAND BY MANAGERS THIS SEASON.

THE number of masculine stars already shining or scheduled to shine in New York theaters this season is responsible for the prediction that there will be a turning of the ways for the man actor, who for many seasons has been obliged to efface himself as inconspicuous support to the woman star. The opening of the autumn theatrical season finds no less than eight plays in which men play the leading role. Richard Bennett, the young actor who last season outshone Maude Adams in the latter's play, "What Every Woman Knows," is now the star of that delightful if absurd fantasy, "The Brass Bottle," at the Lyceum Theater. Wallace Eddinger, who until this season has never had much of a chance, has been raised to stardom and the honor of having his name outlined in large electric letters over the theater, by Henry B. Harris, who presents him in "Bobby Burnit," at the Republic. Louis Mann is playing a star part in his own play, "The Cheater." John Drew is shining in a comedy part in "Smith," under the management of Charles Frohman. H. B. Warner, who last year attained the enviable position of star in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," is again appearing in that entertaining detective play, at Wallack's. Lew Fields is the star of the "Summer Widowers." Eddie Foy is the chief entertainer in the musical review, "Up and Down Broadway." A. E. Matthews, the clever English comedian who appears in the laughable comedy, "Love among the Lions," at

(Continued on page 245.)



Adele Cheridel and Billie Burke.
Miss Burke will again star in "Love Watches."



Elsie Ferguson,
One of the youngest of our stars, to appear in "A Matter of Mon y."



Amy Lesser and Mae de Sousa,
in "The Commuters," a rollicking farce, at the Criterion Theater.



"Bobby Burnit" on the Stage.
Wallace Eddinger (standing) in Winchell Smith's dramatization of G. R. Chester's story, at the Republic Theater.



May Buckley,
Who will star in "The Little Damsel."



A Scene from "Miss Patsy."
Florence Nash, Gertrude Quinlan and Dorothy Tennant in Sewell Collins's farce.

IT SAVES

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In the early days when Mr. L. E. Waterman conceived the pen, no thought at all that such a thing was necessary, and it required those days to sell one pen as it does today to sell five thousand.

From those first pens our business has progressed on with

First—The men, with steady hands and trained eyes, who sat at their benches, produced the pens fully satisfactory in every detail to make each one an absolute build the future business.

Second—The dealers who stocked the pens to provide to their customers would be satisfied. The dealer's reputation is as important as that of the manufacturer, also were to be protected.

Third—People at large, for they are the best advertisers in the world.

It is the diligence alone of a manufacturer that brings his product to be estimated in the class of "better," and with the same diligence, that places it eventually in the class of "best," which, when attained, is the permanently maintained only through constant superiority.

The new Waterman's Ideal fountain pen is in the position that the writers of the world are in, and that is to supply a form for the individual, of the people of the world. The entire responsibility of the fountain pen has fallen upon the shoulders of the new Waterman's Ideal.

The New Factory

Our new, ten story, concrete factory, located in the heart of New York City, is planned to produce a million and a half Waterman's Ideals a year, or 500,000 pens in excess of the present annual sales. To make a million pens there is consumed 60,000 lbs. of rubber and 300,000 pwt. of pure gold. The only other products used are sulphur, which is mixed with the rubber, and iridium for the tips of the pens. In the complete transformation of the crude materials the part that machinery plays is that only which produces the formation basis. The finishing work is entirely by hand and is that of the most skillful and trained mechanics. Each Waterman's Ideal requires 210 distinct operations in the making, or at least 50 more than are necessary to build an automobile. There are nearly 100 different kinds of Waterman's Ideals, differing in finish and in character of point.

Aside from the manufacturing of the rubber parts, the Seymour, Conn., factory, the 35,000 sq. ft. of floor space is entirely to the production of Waterman's Ideals and their accessories. It is a complete Ink Factory, the manufacturing of the Fancy and the making of Leather and Velvet Cases in which electricity, run by 100 h.p. motors. The storage vaults are 100 feet high. The building is lighted throughout by electricity.

L. E. Waterman Company

734 Market St., San Francisco.
Pragerstrasse No. 6, Dresden.
1 Franzensring 20, Vienna.

The
14 Rue de
Calle Tacu
Huerfano
L. E. Waterman

THE DIP Ideal Fountain Pen

As his name on his product he is very sure to know that it is absorbed for sale, for the impulse of American industrialism is not only as it is to "make good." We maintain that it is the twenty in use today that is causing our business to increase.

E. Waterman conceived the idea of his fountain pen, people had long been waiting, and it really took as much time and energy in the past to sell five thousand.

Business has progressed on what might be termed a triple foundation:

And trained eyes, who sat at their benches with their tools and magnifying glasses and produced detail to make each one an absolute success and worthy of bearing the name which was to

pen to provide to their customers with the confidence and assurance that they can rely on as important as that of the manufacturer, and his interests

For they are the best advertisers in the world of successful

the alone of a manufacturer that brings his article of merchandise into the class of "better," and it is time only, with patience, that places it eventually in the class of "best," when attained, is the permanently desired recognition obtainable only through constant superiority.

The new Waterman's Ideal Factory has placed us in the position that the writers of all countries have required, and that is to supply our pen in its most adaptable form for the individual and characteristic writing of the people of every country in the universe. The entire responsibility for the introduction of fountain pens into each and every country has fallen upon Waterman's Ideals, and depended upon actual proof of their fitness; necessitating the making of pens that would not only hold the ink safely for continued writing, but with points that would write either from right to left, as they do in Burma, or stand the test of the Chinese student changing from his method of brush and marking pot.

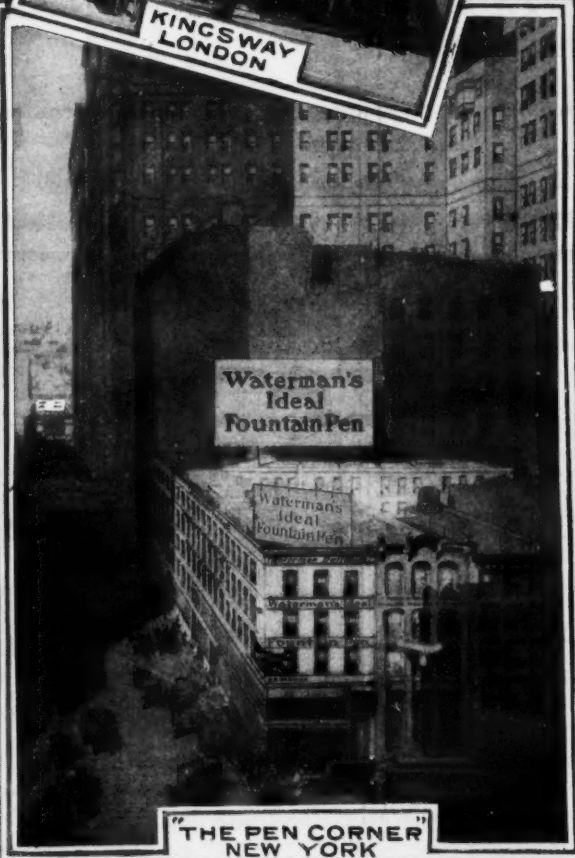
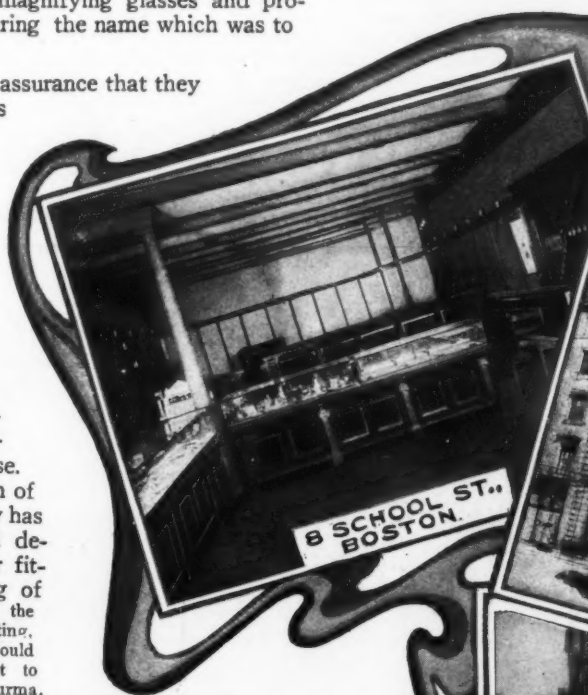
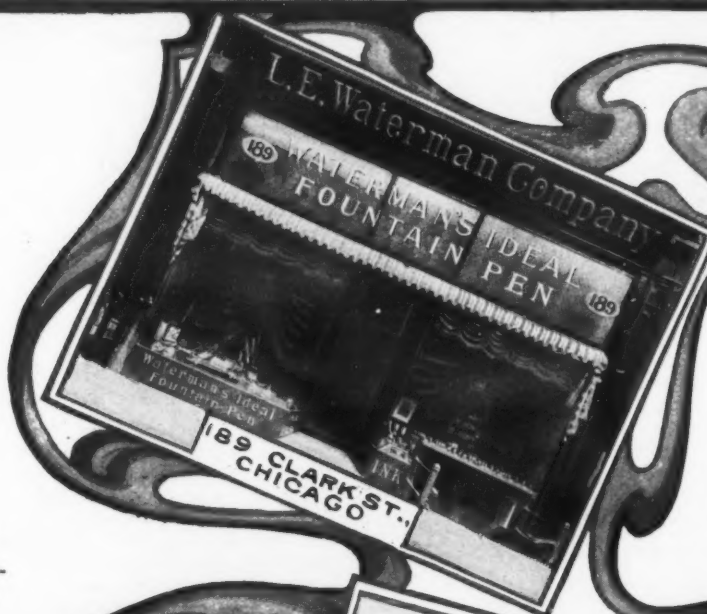
It is without the usual egotistical flavor, therefore, that we are telling the writers of the world of the growth and development of the Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen business, and to make clear that it is the success of the fountain pen that bears the globe trade-mark that has popularized the pen of today.

from the manufacturing of the rubber parts, which is done at our Sey factory, the 35,000 sq. ft. of floor space in this new factory is devoted to the production of Waterman's Ideals and their associated products. These include the manufacturing of the Fancy Gold and Silver Mountings, Printing of Leather and Velvet Cases in which the pens are supplied. The power is supplied by 100 h.p. motors. The storage vaults in the new building embrace nearly 3,000 space. The building is lighted throughout by electricity and is absolutely fireproof.

Waterman Company, 173 Broadway, New York

The cities shown above, and
14 Rue de Pont Neuf, Brussels.
Calle Tacuari No. 667, Buenos Aires.
Huertas 761, Santiago, Chili.
L. E. Waterman Company, Limited, Montreal.

San Juan de Letran No. 29, Mexico, D. F.
6 Rue de Hanovre Paris.
Via Bossi 4, Milan.



The Public Forum

What To Do with Trusts.

President Schurman, of Cornell University.

NEW LEGISLATION is needed to supplement the anti-trust law. For public ownership and management of the capital and productive agencies and instrumentalities of the country we



JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN.

shall be ready when the millennium comes, but not sooner. Individualistic system of production of other days has largely given place to production on a large scale by means of consolidated capital and under corporate management and control. These colossal enterprises are the combined result of science, invention, accumulated capital and the genius for business organization by which Americans are especially distinguished. For the American consumer these consolidated undertakings have greatly multiplied and cheapened commodities; for the American merchant they have made it possible to compete with success in the markets of the world, and for the American laborer they have vastly enlarged and increased the wages of employment. The competitor, actual or potential, is the economic savior of the consuming public. To defend that competitor where he still holds the field and to re-establish him where monopoly by unfair methods has driven him out is, as I conceive it, the object of all anti-trust legislation.

Boycott the Quack Advertiser.

Louis Wiley, Publisher New York Times.

THE SINCERITY of the newspaper which proclaims its devotion to the public welfare in its editorial columns and sells its advertising columns to quacks and frauds is open to question. That newspaper has the greatest value as an adver-

tising medium which declines fraudulent advertisements. Many newspapers help advertisers to perpetrate frauds on their readers. They print advertising matter so that it will simulate news, and they thus betray the confidence of their readers. A falling and not a rising circulation generally characterizes this indefensible course. A newspaper to deserve respect should be something more than a vehicle for the schemes of tricksters and sharpers. No self-respecting newspaper will knowingly accept a fraudulent advertisement.

Demagogues Cutting the Pay-rolls.

President B. F. Yoakum, of the Frisco Railroad.

FOR THE development of the country up to its present high standard it has required for the last thirty years an average of forty-seven hundred miles of new railroad annually. There should be constructed at least as much new mileage annually in the future to enable the country to reach its full development. To build and equip forty-seven hundred miles of railroad costs not less than \$188,000,000, fully eighty per cent. of which goes for labor and the products of labor. Each forty-seven hundred miles gives employment to twenty-eight thousand employees of all classes. Therefore unwise legislation does not so seriously affect the class of men that are being criticised by the politicians as it does the class of men that work by the day and are upon the pay-rolls of the company.

Our Business Men Are Square.

Former Vice-President C. W. Fairbanks.

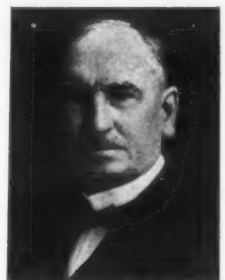
WHILE we have had malefactors of many grades and varieties, yet such do not constitute any considerable portion of our people; they are the exception rather than the great rule, for the mass of our people are sound at the core, actuated by as fine ethical standards as the world affords. We have some men whose business methods are utterly indefensible, but the great majority engaged in trade and commerce, in banking and merchandising and in the vast field of labor are men of probity, of broad views and generous and wholesome purpose. This is an obvious

truth. But the floodgates of calumny have been opened so wide and so long that we have almost convinced ourselves and the world that the contrary is true. One of the marked features of recent years has been the indiscriminate abuse of men in public position. The malodorous muck-raker flourishes for a time, but he has come to be an object of contempt, since his recklessness and insincerity have become manifest. Abuse of the liberty of the press, the attempt to malign other men has come to be recognized as the blackest among crimes.

Tariff Revision Not So Easy.

Senator T. E. Burton, of Ohio.

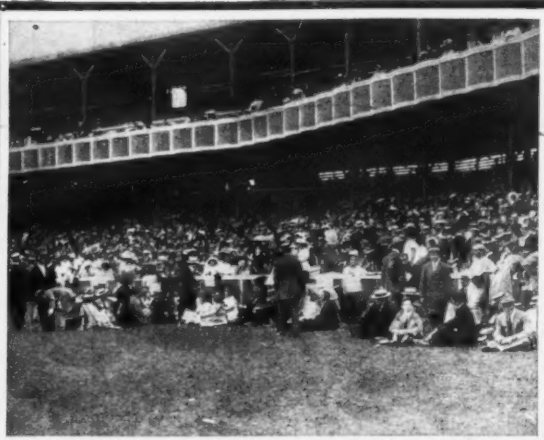
I AM NOT going to stand before you and say that the Payne law is a perfect law; it has its blemishes. There were ideas that I had desired to have embodied in it which are not there; but I am



HON. THEODORE E. BURTON.
COPYRIGHT BY HARRIS & EWING.

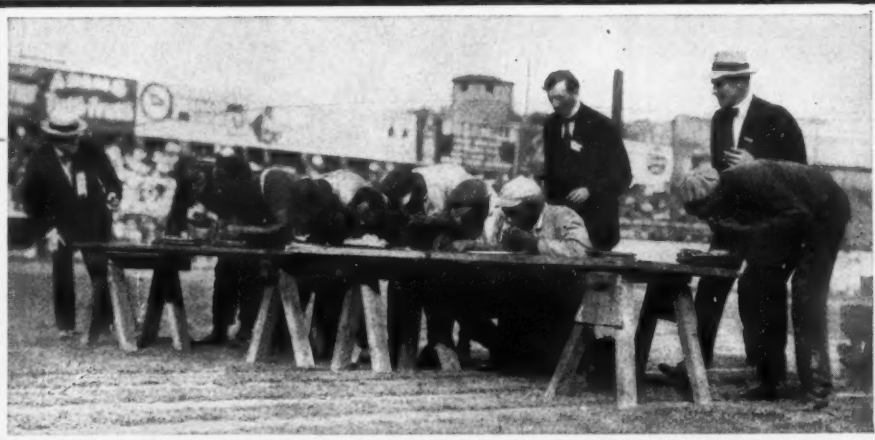
only one of many. I, in part, represent one State out of forty-six, and if there is any task in legislation which is difficult, it is to frame a tariff bill that will be entirely satisfactory even to one person, let alone the whole United States. The only people who were sure they could frame a perfect tariff bill were those who framed the Wilson-Gorman bill—and it was the most obnoxious the country has ever had. I have no apology to make to the people of Ohio for aiding in placing hides on the free list—I will wish to talk about that later in the campaign; but let our opponents speak. Are they in favor of putting wool on the free list? Are they in favor of placing agricultural products on the free list? What modifications do you wish made in that tariff law? Come before the people—no dodging, no shuffling. Let us understand your exact position.

Snapshots of the World's Work

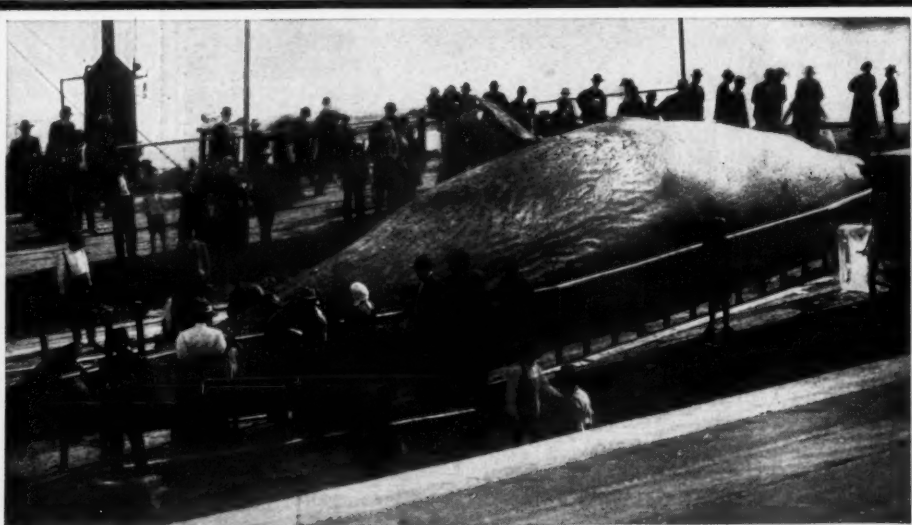


Watching the Actor Folk Amuse Themselves.

The annual Field Day for the benefit of the Actors' Fund of America was held at the Polo Grounds, New York, on Friday, August 19. Twelve thousand persons watched the actor folk amuse themselves with field sports and burlesque games. Stars, chorus girls, tragediennes and clowns united to make the event a financial as well as social success.



The Laughable Pic-eating Contest.



A Monster Whale Which Ran Ashore in Texas.

The great sperm whale, weighing 30,000 pounds, which ran into the mud flats at Sabine Pass. It was towed ashore by a powerful tugboat, which took five hours to pull it five miles.



The Aeroplane as an Engine of War.

Lieutenant J. E. Fickel, U. S. A., making a flight with Glenn Curtiss on August 20 at Sheepshead Bay, N. Y., to demonstrate the practicability of an army rifle shot from an aeroplane.

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You can have an object lesson in the use of the Gillette on any sleeping car in America.

Most men who shave on the train use the Gillette. They can shave quickly—with no stropping, no honing—shave smoothly and clean up all the corners, with no danger from the lurch or motion of the car.

A bridegroom on the Canadian Pacific acquired a three-days' growth of beard. Despair was written on his face. A kindly old gentleman loaned him a Gillette—and received the united thanks of two fond hearts.

Men who travel much become very practical. They go in for efficiency—get down to necessities.

Tourists and travellers are the staunchest advocates of the Gillette. It would be interesting to know how many thousand Gillettes are sold every year through their example and recommendation.

Be progressive. Keep a Gillette on your home washstand—take it with you when you travel. Spread around some of the Gillette sunshine. Wear the smile of the man who can shave without stropping or honing. Life is brighter when a clean face is an every morning habit.

Standard Set \$5. Gillette Blades 50c. and \$1.00.

King C Gillette

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 46 W. Second Street, Boston

New York, Times Building

Chicago, Stock Exchange Building

Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., London

Eastern Office, Shanghai, China

Canadian Office, 63 St. Alexander Street, Montreal

Factories: Boston, Montreal, Leicester, Berlin, Paris

Stage Women and Their Clothes

By Frances Frear

THE PROBLEM of dress is one that interests every woman, be she débutante or grandmother. At an early age she realizes the value of looking attractive, and as she grows older she finds from experience that money judiciously spent on clothes is one of the best investments that she can make. "I judge the woman, not the dress," said a well-known business man who employs several hundred women; and he actually believed what he said. When, however, we review the happenings of years past, we are almost certain to remember some person whom we judged more from the fluffy ruffle which she wore than from her qualities of heart and brain.

No one knows the value of clothes better than theatrical managers and actors. The stage to-day is a veritable fashion plate for women in search of sartorial ideas. *Le dernier cri* from the fashion centers of Europe is first exploited by actresses who would in many instances be entirely overlooked were it not for the beautiful and sometimes extraordinary gowns, hats and wraps with which they are decorated. Often a single gown worn by a popular star costs enough to clothe an entire family of moderate means, but it is worth the expenditure because of its value in attracting flattering attention to its wearer. The show girl and the members of the chorus must be fitted out in creations of silk and lace to interest the smart woman who attends the play.

So important have clothes become to theatrical productions that within the last few years the more important managers engage experts, whose sole duty it is to design the gowns worn by the various members of companies and to blend the colors so that principals and minors may move about the stage with pleasing effect. Nowadays critics, who attend a play ostensibly to criticise the acting of the players, sometimes devote half their space to the appearance of the chorus and a description of the gowns worn by the leading woman.

In many of the lavish productions of to-day the modiste, the milliner and the designer share honors with the playwright and the scene painter. So has there risen a many-sided problem for the footlight favorite, who has been brought to a realization that she can appreciably affect her career by a reputation for good or bad dressing. The important fashion publications send to each new play a critic not of acting, but of clothes. This writer jots down, to use later in a fashion article, minute descriptions of the

clothes worn by the principal women in the cast.

A realization of the value of clothes is by no means confined to women. The popular actor, especially the matinee idol, pays as much attention to his toilette as does his sister player. Every year when John Drew begins his New York engagement the critics write about some new wrinkle in his dress. The height of his collar, the cut of his vest and whether the latter has three or six buttons on it are discussed as matters of general importance to the public. Even the color of his ties and socks is not overlooked. The problem of dress is everybody's problem. For the actor or other person much in the public eye, it is a problem vastly elaborated and multiplied. This matter of what we shall or shall not wear has become of such universal interest that every autumn, in Madison Square Garden, New York, a fashion show is held. At these shows advance models of gowns, wraps and hats are displayed on models, who parade back and forth to give the spectator every chance to view from different points the article that has attracted interest.

Since clothes are generally acknowledged by thinking men and women an asset toward success, it is not strange that the cut of a skirt and the tilt of a hat are made subjects of animated conversation when women gather around the tea table. It is but natural that even the strongest-minded of her sex

(Continued on page 247.)



Theatrical Costumes in the Making.

Every large New York theater maintains a dressmaking department where the gowns of all the women in the company are designed and made.

In answering advertisements please mention "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."

FINANCIAL

We shall be pleased to send you any of the following circulars:

Railroad Bonds

Circular No. 51

Convertible Bonds

Circular No. 56

Listed Stocks

Circular No. 53

Corporation Bonds

4% to 5 1/4%

Circular No. 55

Spencer Trask & Co.

Investment Bankers,

43 EXCHANGE PLACE, NEW YORK.

Albany, N. Y. Boston, Mass. Chicago, Ill.
Members New York Stock Exchange.**FRACTIONAL LOTS**

We make a specialty of executing orders in Fractional Lots from one share upward. Write for circular A 22. Fractional Lots Carried on Margin. Market Letters Sent on Request. Interest allowed on deposits subject to check.

J. F. PIERSON, Jr., & Co.

(Members of the N. Y. Stock Exchange)

74 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

BRANCHES:

1 East 42d Street.

884 Columbus Avenue, corner 104th Street.

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John Muir & Co.
Specialists In
Odd Lots

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71 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

SEND FOR ODD LOT CIRCULAR

CONVERTIBLE BONDS

Pay **6.86%** Cash Profits or **3%** Cash, plus accumulations, equal to **8%** annually

Convertible into **STOCK and INCOME BONDS**

OR

Redeemable in cash at holder's option

14 Years of Profit-Sharing
\$1,000,000 Repaid to Investors
\$2,000,000 Capital and Surplus
\$3,000,000 Assets

Write to-day for Booklet 18

NEW YORK REALTY OWNERS

489 Fifth Avenue New York

Leslie's Weekly WISE ADVERTISERS

have taken advantage of its wide distribution and use its advertising columns, getting large returns.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers keeps the investment seeker well informed and creates the interest of the public in the investment world.

It appeals to the great prosperous middle class—the class you must reach to get the biggest returns. It is to the United States what the "Illustrated London News" is to England. The best people in the country read Leslie's. As an example, there are at the present time 6,327 Bankers, Trust and Insurance Company officials on its Subscription List.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY
225 Fifth Ave. New York

Leslie's
ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

New York Office: Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth Avenue. Western Advertising Office: Marquette Building, Chicago, Ill. EUROPEAN AGENTS: The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, E. C., London, England; Saarbach's News Exchange, 16 John Street, Adelphi, London; 56 Rue de la Victoire, Paris; 1 Clara Strasse, Mainz, Germany; Brentano's, Avenue de l'Opera, Paris. Subscriptions and advertising for all the publications of Leslie-Judge Company will be taken at regular rates at any of the above offices.

Persons representing themselves as connected with LESLIE'S should always be asked to produce credentials.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Our circulation books are open for your inspection.

TERMS: Ten cents a copy, \$5.00 a year, to all subscribers in the United States, Mexico, Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands, Guam, Tutuila, Samoa. Foreign postage, \$1.50 extra. Twelve cents per copy, \$6.00 per year, to Canadian subscribers. Subscriptions are payable in advance by draft on New York, or by express or postal money order. BACK NUMBERS: Present year, 10 cents per copy; 1909, 20 cents; 1908, 30 cents, etc.

Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made.

Subscribers to Preferred List (see Jasper's column in this issue) will get current issue always.

The publishers will be glad to hear from subscribers who have just cause for complaint. If LESLIE'S cannot be found at any news-stand, the publishers would be under obligations if that fact be promptly reported. Senders of photographs or letterpress must always include return postage. We receive such material only on condition that we shall not be held responsible for loss or injury while in our hands or in transit.



KINGDON GOULD



J. OGDEN ARMOUR



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

NOTICE.—Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, at the full subscription rates, namely, five dollars per annum, or \$2.50 for six months, are placed on what is known as "Jasper's Preferred List," entitling them to the early delivery of their papers and to answers in this column to inquiries on financial questions having relevancy to Wall Street, and, in emergencies, to answer by mail or telegraph. Preferred subscribers must remit directly to the office of Leslie-Judge Company, in New York, and not through any subscription agency. No additional charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inclosed, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. All inquiries should be addressed to "Jasper," Financial Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

WHY SHOULD the farmers be regarded as more gullible than any other class of our people? Why should caricaturists and fun-makers always be making pictures and jokes at the expense of the grangers? Some of the sharpest business men, including many of our greatest millionaires, were born on farms. The late Russell Sage, John D. Rockefeller, President Brown of the New York Central and other magnates in the industrial and railroad world were farmer boys. Yet the master of the Maine State Grange, in a recent address to the farmers of his State, warned them against the sharks who had been loading on them stock in "bogus mines, fake oil wells, snide quarries" and other speculative schemes.

He says that this gold-brick business has been carried on to such an appalling extent among the farmers in Maine that the newspapers are overloaded with the advertising of so-called industrial schemes exploited with the single purpose of selling worthless stock. He admits that, while the farmers have been the greatest sufferers, hundreds of business men, mechanics, widows and orphans have been pauperized by the fake schemes.

All of this confirms what I said in my last article; for if the truth were known it would be found that conditions are as bad in other States as in Maine. The farmers may be more easily beguiled because they are not as well informed regarding the exposures of fraudulent concerns as the residents of a city, with its numerous penny newspapers. These are always warning the public against the "sharks." With rural free delivery taking the penny papers into the homes of the farmers and with monthly and weekly magazines and weekly newspapers making their regular visits and carrying their

record of fraudulent enterprises, it would seem as if the farmers should be less susceptible to the enticements of the gold-brick man.

The trickster thinks that farming communities are so detached that they offer the best opportunities not only for the oily-tongued seller of worthless stocks to gather in the shekels, but also for the loud-mouthed demagogue to promulgate his superficial ideas of government.

It is only necessary for some ranting, roasting stump speaker to impress upon his hearers that the farmers are not getting their share of the wealth of the country and that existing conditions must be upset, by an insurrection against the constituted authorities, to secure an army of "insurgent" followers. Hence the birth of such a party as the Populist, with its crude ideas of government; hence the spread of free-silver notions during a brief interval, and hence the vogue of the rag-money idea for a short time, when demagogues were telling farming communities that it was only necessary to run the printing presses of the government and provide all the money that anybody wanted. This was regardless of the fact that the value of money is not in the paper certificate itself, but in the security behind it.

ISPEAK of these things with more emphasis because not infrequently I am in receipt of letters from residents of farming communities, complaining of loss sustained through the purchase of worthless mining, wireless, oil, plantation and similar securities. It is a pleasure to receive, as I do, letters of thanks from those who have been saved from loss by paying heed to the warnings I have constantly given against placing confidence in extravagant prospectuses of companies that promise enormous returns. Very often these promises are put in the form of a "guarantee" which is as worthless as the promise, because no one is behind the guarantee but the promiser.

Let me say once more to my readers that in the haste to get rich they should not overlook the necessity of as carefully scrutinizing the stocks they buy as they would scrutinize an investment in real estate or the purchase of a horse or cow or pig. Never trust the stranger who tells you he is seeking to make

(Continued on page 243.)

In answering advertisements please mention "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."

FINANCIAL

TRADERS IN SMALL LOTS

LOCATED AT A DISTANCE FROM THE STOCK MARKET will find our facilities unsurpassed. We invite your orders.

Booklet Free

RENSKORF, LYON & CO.

Members
New York Stock Exchange
New York Cotton Exchange
Chicago Board of Trade

43 Exchange Place New York

The many cross currents and counter influences which serve to confuse the outside operator and investor in Wall Street, are fully explained in our book, just issued, entitled:

"CARDINAL PRINCIPLES

for the

INVESTOR & SPECULATOR"

It also treats of the fundamental laws of finance which are frequently lost sight of, but which are vital to success. Valuable statistical information—brought right up to date—is another feature of value.

Free upon request.

We buy or sell stocks in any size lots—large or small—for the investor, or upon margin.

NORMAN W. PETERS & CO.

Members Consolidated Stock Exchange of New York

74 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Investors' and Traders' Pocket Manual

containing a treatise on Short Sales, Wall Street Terms, Small Lot Trading, Commission Charges, Margin Requirements, Unlisted and Curb Stocks, Opening an Account and other valuable suggestions.

Free Upon Request.

SPECIAL NIGHT LETTER SERVICE

for prospective customers.
We invite your account.

LEAVITT & GRANT

Members Consolidated Stock Exchange of New York.

55 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

BRANCH OFFICES:—
48 West 23d St.—Albany Hotel (41st St. and Broadway).
—Nassau Trust Co. Bldg., 356 Fulton St., Brooklyn.



\$2,900,000.00 of Realty Assets in and adjacent to New York City are safeguarding the New York Central Realty Company Bondholder.

And he is privileged to withdraw his entire investment, with interest, after two years.

If you wish your work to make Capital, buy an Accumulative Bond. If you wish to make your Capital work, buy a Coupon Bond.

Write to-day for samples of our two forms of bonds. Read them over carefully and make your investment in proportion to your means.

New York Central Realty Co.

Suite 1180 1328 Broadway, New York

500 Per Cent. In Two Years

The record of several successful automobile manufacturers. Others have done better. The most interesting manufacturing business of today. Immense demand. Large profits.

While the present opportunity lasts anyone with \$100 and upward to invest may own an interest in an established, successful automobile business, having distinct advantages over all others.

Shares \$10. Easy payments. Chance to obtain runabout free. Write today.

The National Underwriting Company
350 Broadway : : : New York

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

(Continued from page 242.)

your fortune. Philanthropists are not going about this country distributing wealth for the benefit of strangers. When any one appears with an unusually attractive offer of a gift, it is well to distrust him at once. It is the best evidence that he comes not to be helpful to you, but to help himself.

I do not blame any one for speculating, but there are speculative stocks regularly sold in the stock market and which have at least some value and in many instances a prospect of far greater value. They represent the property of established corporations. Otherwise they would not have a place on the list, for before they can be bought and sold on the Exchange a report must be submitted proving that the property exists. On the other hand, any one can print an advertisement if he will pay for it, telling the public that he offers them a wonderful chance to make money if they will send in their cash quickly and get in "on the ground floor." Lawson has shown how this is done. Thousands who followed his advice and who wish they had not can tell their own story. The daily newspapers accept advertising with very much freedom. The larger the advertisement, the more alluring the prospectus, the more wonderful the tales of wealth it offers, the greater should be your determination to keep away from it. If it bears on its face the offer of prodigious profits, it does not need great intelligence to draw the obvious inference that if any one has such a remarkable offer to make he need not make it to strangers.

If there is 100 per cent. or 10,000 per cent. in sight, insiders will be only too greedy to take advantage of it. The outsider will have no chance. Let my readers, therefore, who wish to speculate, buy the shares of corporations that have standing, that have existed a sufficient length of time to demonstrate their earning power, that are listed or sold on the exchanges of our great cities and that have a reputation to maintain. If Federal and State authorities who are pursuing the railroads, and industrial corporations would only use half the effort they are making in that direction to punish the sharpers who have been taking the money of the farmers, the toilers and of orphans and widows and giving them nothing in return, and if "the big stick" were freely used to compel the gold-brick dealers, such as were exposed in the wireless-telegraph case, to make restitution to those from whom they have taken millions, the people would have reason to rejoice.

The reckless prosecution of the railroads and of industrial corporations puts a check on prosperity, helps to close the factory and to reduce wages. If the government wants to wield the big stick, there are plenty of opportunities for it to do so. Note, for instance, the manner in which the Oklahoma Indians have been treated by Uncle Sam. The recent disclosure that, after the government's award to the Indians for their lands, no payments were made until the Indians employed attorneys at enormous fees to secure their claims, tells its own story. In the congressional investigation, Governor Johnson, of the Chickasaw tribe, testified that in the sale of Indian property in Mississippi it had cost the government \$6,000,000 to sell \$2,000,000 worth of land, that the Chickasaw Indians paid nearly \$1,000,000 to recover \$2,800,000, and that in numerous instances the fees were one-quarter of the value of the entire property! If any railway or industrial corporation had been accused of such outrageous doings, our lawmakers and all the crowd of

muck-rakers and demagogues would have rent the air with their outcries.

When the people of this country come to understand the situation and realize how much of this outcry for the people's rights is really intended for the benefit of self-seeking demagogues, they will thrust the muck-raking gang back into the oblivion from which it came. The more quickly this is done, the better it will be for the peace and prosperity of the country. I have preached this doctrine for many years. The letters I am constantly receiving prove that a change in public sentiment is slowly manifesting itself and that there is a greater purpose than ever to deal with capital as well as labor more fairly and equitably.

So far as the stock market is concerned, there are many evidences that investment purchases of bonds and stocks are being made by those who have the means and who believe that present prices are attractive. Speculative securities are also being bought by those who can follow the market down on each recession. It is, of course, possible that there will be a setback to corn and cotton; but every week that passes without unfavorable information is a gain. A widespread impression prevails that the Supreme Court of the United States, in deciding the all-important trust cases now before it, will do so in such a conservative way that it will not be destructive to the prosperity of the thousands of corporations that are marking time until they know what they are permitted to do under the drastic and, in part, incomprehensible provisions of the Sherman anti-trust law.

W. SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.: It is highly speculative. I do not regard it with favor. **P.** New York: Your query hardly refers to Wall Street matters, and I suggest that you address it to the secretary of the New York Produce Exchange. **Salt, Watkins:** I do not regard Int. Salt Securities as in the investment class. I think you can do better in something else. **G., Kirksville, Mo.:** I do not regard Telepost as a "good investment." I regard its capitalization as excessive.

A. K., Peoria, Ill.: I advise my readers to be very shy of any proposition that promises 100 per cent. a year. Such things have happened, but instances are extremely rare.

B., Hanover, Pa.: Spencer Trask & Co., members of the New York Stock Exchange, at 43 Exchange Place, New York, have a Boston office. Communicate with them.

W., New York: Unless the disposition of the public toward the railroad improves, American Locomotive and Car Equipment stocks generally will not show a material improvement. I would not be in a hurry to purchase.

H., Chickasha, Okla.: The history of most of the rubber companies has been punctuated with failure. I am unable to get a report of the Conservative Rubber Co., and do not look upon its stock as an investment.

C., Lexington, Mo.: U. S. Light and Heating Co. is increasing its factory facilities on a very extensive scale. Some of the most prominent railroad men and financiers in the country are holders of its securities. They seem to believe in it for a long pull.

R., Buffalo, N. Y.: 1. I do not advise you to sell your Pennsylvania at a loss. 2. While the condition of the iron market is unfavorable, and I have doubt as to the continuance, under existing conditions, of the present rate of dividend on Steel common, I do not advise its sale at a loss.

M., St. Louis: 1. The Lewis Nixon who is president of the Standard Motor Co. is "really the Lewis Nixon of the U. S. N. Construction Service." 2. The Goldfield mining stocks do not commend themselves to me because their reports are made for insiders and not for outsiders. 3. I do not advise the purchase of Potomac Refining as an investment.

T. F. B., New York: 1. The Rio Grande 5s, Southern Railway 4s and Frisco 5s are the best on your list and are fairly well secured. The Allis Chalmers 5s might also be included, but I do not regard the Wabash 4s in the same light. The Hudson Co. 6 per cent. notes look safe. 2. I am not advised as to the Costa Rica bonds.

F., Ripley, Ohio: I have never seen a report or statement of the Taylor Bros. Co., and cannot, therefore, have an idea of the value of the stock. A large number of industrial corporations, local in character, are offering stock for sale, and it is always well to remember that in view of the acute competition which now prevails, the fittest only can succeed and survive.

M., Asheville, N. C.: 1. I know nothing about the insurance machine you speak of. Usually such propositions are experimental, with the chances against the investor. 2. Your query as to why the holders of such a valuable stock are ready to dispose of it is pertinent. 3. I think you can do better by taking the side of safety in buying a well established security.

N., Bainbridge, Ga.: Both of the propositions are in the nature of a business man's speculation. One is an industrial and the other a financial concern. They can hardly be put in the same class. On the basis on which they are offered, they must be regarded as somewhat speculative rather than strictly investment securities, for the latter do not yield any such rate of interest or dividends as the former.

(Continued on page 247.)



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Life-insurance Suggestions

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable. Address Insurance Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, Brunswick Building, 226 Fifth Avenue, Madison Square, New York.]

EVEN the fraternal organizations are beginning to see the error of their ways and are combining in an effort to secure uniform rates based upon the proved tables of mortality of the old-line insurance companies. Most of the fraternal societies have found that their rates were too low as the age of members advanced, and now, with financial ruin staring them in the face, they are grasping at the last straw. The only way out of the difficulty seems to be to "freeze out" the old members and raise the rates of the new. Such a course is perfectly fair to the younger members, but is rank injustice to the veterans, many of whom have all their savings in the assessment concerns. These men are now too old to be good risks for the old-line companies, and the only thing they can do is to pay the exorbitant rates or get out. In some cases the courts have come to the rescue of the old members and issued injunctions restraining the society from raising these rates. But if the societies have not the money to pay their death losses, what good will the injunctions do? There is the matter in a nutshell.

Those who have followed my advice—and I have been preaching on the subject of life insurance in this column for some little time—have none of these worries of the fraternal organizations. They ordered what they wanted in a well-established company and are now paying for what they ordered—but for no more.

B., Butte, Mont.: I would prefer the twenty-payment with pure endowment at the end of twenty

years, offered by the Prudential. It is an excellent policy.

G., East St. Louis, Ill.: My preference would be an older and stronger company, one with a well-established record.

W., Chicago, Ill.: Proof of death is always required, and until this is established it would be difficult to recover. It is a legal question, and a lawyer's advice would probably be needed.

H., Newark, N. J.: The Reliable Life was organized in 1905. All new companies must meet the strong opposition of the old, well-established companies. The stock of new companies is, therefore, not regarded favorably for investment.

A., Philadelphia, Pa.: I would much rather do business with a well-established, old-line company. The proposition is all right if you are assured of the permanence of the association. I do not believe in the assessment plan except for temporary benefits.

R., Oil City, Pa.: It would be impossible to get the information, because I understand that others have sought it and the company has not manifested a disposition to give it. Your experience shows the advantage of dealing with a company of well-established standing.

W., Chicago, Ill.: 1. I would have nothing to do with either of the two assessment associations to which you refer. You will do much better in the end by paying a little more at the outset and having the assurance that the cost will not increase with increasing years. 2. I think better of the Travelers of Hartford, in view of its record, as an accident company.

D., Denver, Col.: The German A. N. E. Q. N. Premium Life Assn. is in the assessment class. I do not believe in assessment insurance because, as the history of such concerns shows, the burden grows heavier as the policy-holder grows older, while in an old-line company the burden becomes easier at a time in life when this is most acceptable.

S., Kansas City, Mo.: The Protected Home Circle is an assessment association organized in 1886. Its death rate is increasing and I do not see how it can escape an increase in its assessments unless it constantly increases its new membership. In an old-line company you know at the outset what your policy will cost, and it becomes of greater value the longer you keep it.

Hermat

One Swat Enough.

It's all very well to say heartlessly, "Swat the fly!" but how often can you hit him?

If we hit him once we are satisfied—and so is he.

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CHAMPAGNE

Served Everywhere

For Results ADVERTISE IN **LESLIE'S**

Hostages.

(Continued from page 236.)

hand, and Lola put Anderson's revolver back in his belt.

"It was necessary that you should believe us," Mercedes said, "and now perhaps you will. Señors, do not go to the Port. The captain there is a clever man—clever in reading men. Some would believe your threat to shoot us, but he would not. He is clever enough to know that; or, if he is not, he is foolish enough to make a mistake more dangerous than his cleverness! He will think that we have let you run off with us! So he will not fear your threat to shoot us; and he will keep us all till my father comes. You will die if you go to the Port."

"Where shall we go, señorita?" I asked.

"To the village on the right," she advised. "It is about two miles. There is a cutter there, and she sails fast. You must take her and try to reach your ship. The saints help you to escape!" She crossed herself piously.

"I sha'n't escape free," I told her.

"Nor I!" Anderson glanced at Lola over his shoulder.

"It is only polite to say that," the impudent Lola remarked. Mercedes glanced at me and dropped her eyes quickly.

"So little free, señorita," I said slowly, "that I must come back."

"My father does not forget quickly," she warned me.

"Nor I. Do you, señorita?"

"No," said Mercedes.

Then we ran down into the little village. We stopped the car on the edge of the beach, and the villagers came running up—women and children and old men. The young men were with the army—or with the "bandits."

They were unarmed. We threatened them with our revolvers and demanded the boat. It was out fishing, they declared, and pointed to a speck far away on the water. Mercedes and Lola said that they told the truth. It was the cutter, and the only rowing boat in the village was towing behind it. There was only one chance, they assured us, and that was to go as far along the coast as the car would take us—there was petrol for about thirty miles, but no place to replenish—and then travel on foot till we were out of Lagonia, another fifty miles, through wild country.

Even then the next state was friendly to the Lagonians, and likely to give us up if our identity were discovered. But that need not be, they thought. It was possible to go through Turania in the wild country, and game and water were plentiful, so that we need not starve.

"You will escape if you are not discovered," they assured us.

"We'll try," I said; "and you will know if we get through. For if we get through, I shall come back, Mercedes."

"We shall come back," said Anderson. He looked down at Lola.

"How foolish are men!" Lola remarked. She looked at her sister.

"So very foolish!" said Mercedes. "They are too likely to take you, señors, and then they will kill you—if you have no hostages!"

"But—" we both began, and stopped.

"But your hostages think," said Mercedes, "that if you were killed you would not come back. That would be so unfortunate, señors, for you; perhaps"—she just glanced at me—"for the hostages! There is no time to lose. Put your revolvers to our heads, that the villagers may not suspect, and take us in the car."

"But be careful that they do not go off," Lola requested. "I do not like to be hurt. I cry even if—I am left behind, señor!" She smiled at Anderson.

We took them to the car in this fashion. "But I think they are the captors," I said to Anderson; and Lola laughed.

"The American we do well to understand," she said in English; "but I know not what is a peach."

"Perhaps you can understand this," Anderson suggested. "The lovely lady who will become my wife when we reach America."

"They taught not such things in our lessons of American," said Lola.

We rode off in the car, laughing like children. Lola sat up by Anderson,

and I sat behind with Mercedes. I had just won my first kiss when the engine stopped. There was less petrol than we had thought, and we had seventy or eighty miles to go through the forest before we were out of Lagonia and through Turania. We abandoned the useless car and walked on. I walked with Mercedes and Anderson walked with Lola. He and I had been through many "love affairs" in our time. That afternoon in the forest we fell in love, and found it different. I can't explain it, and I'm not going to write about it, only—it comes to this. Mercedes and I love each other. So do Anderson and Lola. We traveled through the forest along a little track for a couple of hours; then we came to an open plain. The President and about fifty men on horseback surrounded us there. The girls implored us to threaten them with the revolvers. We did so. The President laughed at us.

"They're American gentlemen," he told his men, "not scum. Go on and take them. They won't shoot the girls."

The men came on; but the girls snatched the revolvers from our hands and held them to their heads themselves.

"By all the saints in heaven," Mercedes cried, "we will, father!"

The soldiers halted and looked for directions. The President held up his hand to them and sat on his horse, looking at us.

"Perhaps it would be better if you did!" he said bitterly.

"We shall!" Lola told him.

"It will be better," said Mercedes, "if you kill our lovers; and, anyhow, we will do it, because we love them, as our dead mother loved you, father!"

There was a long silence.

"This matter were better talked over by ourselves," said the President, at last.

"First promise—" Lola began; but I interrupted.

"No promise is necessary," I declared. "We put ourselves in the hands of a Spanish gentleman."

The President bowed. Mercedes always says that, though he will not own it, that speech of mine gave me a foothold on the grim old man's affections.

"Sir," he stated, "if we do not come to terms, you four shall stand where you now stand—with your revolvers."

"I do not like revolvers," said Lola. She tried to laugh, but her face was the color of ashes. They meant to shoot themselves, you must understand, if we were not spared.

"And these are gentlemen," said Mercedes, "and would not let us hold the revolvers next time. Perhaps you thought of that, father?"

"Mercedes," I said, "a man knows some things of a man better than his daughter." I took the revolver from her and Anderson took Lola's. "We are in your hands, sir," I announced.

"My hands are honored," said the President, bowing low.

He led the way to a little mound and we sat down. The President considered for a little while; then he spoke.

"Gentlemen," he said, "one thing is clear. You must leave this country."

"You could trust them," Lola protested.

"They could not take service against their old comrades," said Mercedes, "and father could not keep them here on any other terms. The question is not of going, but of coming back."

"They cannot come back for many a long day," said the President.

"But they will surely come," said Anderson.

"They will come," I said.

"And we will surely wait," Mercedes answered.

"Very surely," Lola added.

The President sighed.

"We wait," he said, "and we grow old. If I had waited, your mother would have died before—" He looked at us with his face on his hand. "You would all wait," he pronounced. "I cannot alter you. You shall not wait and lose your youth. It only comes once. The clergyman shall marry you to-morrow, and then you must all go. I wish that I had shot you without trial, gentlemen."

"We should have shot ourselves, too, father," said Mercedes; and then she told him the story of the holding up,

and how they had heard of our subsequent capture and had come to plead with him, and, if he would not listen, to see if they could help us to escape; and how little they had feared being our hostages, and had heard us talk to each other in American while we tried to "bluff" them. "Just think if they had taken us to the rebels, father!" she cried; "and the terms that they would have made with you!"

The President smiled grimly.

"Now I will make terms with them," he asserted; and I felt sorry for my old comrades. They were foolish and misguided, for his rule was the only possible rule for Lagonia, and his sternness necessary to the place and times; but they meant well.

"Sir," I said, "they are weary of the fighting. They would take any honorable excuse for peace. Offer them the lives of my comrade and myself and an amnesty—not an amnesty of right, but out of the generosity of a gentleman—"

"Whom we have come to honor," Anderson interpolated.

"And let me go on parole to settle it," I proposed.

"And then," said Mercedes, "we could all stay with you, father."

"And your baby would like that," said Lola. She twined her arm in his. "If I am away from my father, I cry!" she stated. "So does Mercedes, when nobody knows!"

I am not clear which of these arguments prevailed, but I think it was Lola's threat to cry. Anyhow, I went to the insurgents and made terms. Lagonia is now at peace and the President has taken a fancy for American institutions. Mercedes and I live two-thirds of our time in America. We have a little hostage, three months old, and our world is in pawn to him.

The Month's Newest Books.

(Continued from page 234.)

in characterization. "The Day of Souls" is the story of a man's regeneration—the redemption of a "sport" and shady politician through the influence of Grace Wyne, a street evangelist. It is, we believe, Mr. Jackson's first novel. It contains much that is brilliant. The weaknesses of construction are minor. (Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis. \$1.50.)

A book that piques your curiosity from opening to end is "The Cave Woman," by Viola Burbans. The hero meets the lady in a pitch-dark cave. She will not disclose her identity, but gives him permission to search her out at the fashionable resort where she is summering. He has no clew but the tone of her voice. Enter woman number two, who was also in the cave and heard it all, etc. An interesting story, well told. (Holt & Co., N. Y. \$1.50.)

The author of "The Post Girl," Edward C. Booth, has created another character equally as appealing in "The Doctor's Lass." Her little love tale runs in leisurely fashion through a plot that could have been more dramatic, but it is nevertheless an engrossing one. Quaint humor and Yorkshire philosophy make a palatable dressing. (Century Co., N. Y. \$1.30, net.)

BOOKS OF DIVERSE INTEREST.

IN "Stories of Authors," Edwin Watts Chubb has made an interesting collection of entertaining anecdotes concerning the great writers of yesterday. The seventy-odd chapters relate episodes in the lives of Shelley, George Eliot, Poe, Cooper, Macaulay, etc., touching in most cases the crucial points in their careers. The book makes an illuminative supplement to the home library. The appreciation of an author's viewpoint is far easier when we know something of the man. (Sturgis & Walton, N. Y. \$1.25, net.)

A valuable handbook for the citizen who would know something of present-day economic and industrial conditions is "Wage-earning Women," by Annie M. MacLean, Ph D. The work contains the results of an investigation throughout the country into the status of women in the industries. Much new information is incorporated, illuminative charts and tables and a detailed statement of the conditions of female labor in our various cities. It represents the work of four years, during which time the lives and environment of over 135,000 women in 400 establishments were investigated. (The Macmillan Co., N. Y. \$1.25, net.)

Use BROWN'S Camphorated, Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25 cents per jar.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c. a bottle.

In answering advertisements please mention "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."

Seen in Stageland.

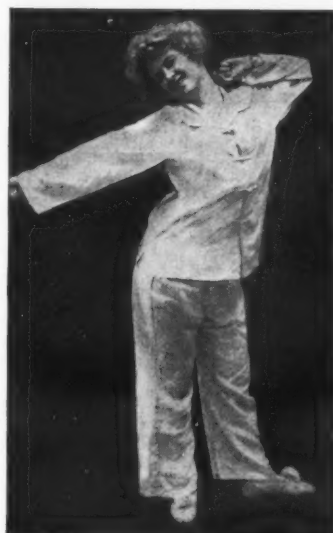
(Continued from page 237.)

the Garrick Theater, is without question the star of that attraction. Walker Whiteside, who last season was featured as the leading player in Zangwill's drama, "The Melting Pot," will resume that role this season. David Warfield will have a new play. William H. Crane will appear in a new play, as will also Kyrle Bellew. E. H. Sothern will star alone this season.

Managers, always keen for something new, have taken to engaging masculine choruses for their musical productions, where formerly only girls were engaged. Fred-eric W. Thompson, in his musical comedy called "Girlies," has a chorus of fifty or more men. A statement made by Thomas Reynolds, general stage manager for Charles Frohman's musical companies, supports the opinion held by those in touch with things theatrical that this is man's year. The press agents in the large theatrical offices will no doubt henceforth turn some of their attention to exploiting the escapades and to giving publicity to stolen diamonds, attacks of appendicitis, the romances and the favorite foods of the chorus man, whose light has here-



Juliette Dika,
Who is to have a leading role in "The Wife Tamers."



Pauline Chase,
The "Pink Pajama Girl," who is to star in "Our Miss Gibbs."

before been hidden under a bushel. Concerning the lesser lights of masculine persuasion, Mr. Reynolds says:

"Few realize that the color of a man's hair and eyes makes as much difference with his chances of procuring a position on the stage as it would with a girl, especially in musical comedies. Men are in great demand this year, and blond men in particular. Blonds have become so much the rage that stage managers, forced to refuse applicants of the darker type, cannot cope with the demand. Everywhere in the theatrical market there is a dearth of the Saxon type, and premiums are being offered for them. Actors and chorus men know of this difficulty, and the latter have practically agreed among themselves not to work for less than thirty dollars a week—ten dollars more than the usual wages. The demand is unprecedented," continued Mr. Reynolds, "and it is chiefly due to the changing tastes of women in the audiences, particularly the younger women and matinee girls. I cannot account for the curious psychology of it. Possibly it is because blond men are more rare than brunettes. More likely it is because they have more 'flash' on the stage and seem more romantic than the brunette type. We have experimented several times by having six men with dark hair and eyes come on directly before a sextette of flaxen-haired chaps. The latter receive double the applause."

"No Frills"

JUST SENSIBLE FOOD CURED HIM.

Sometimes a good, healthy commercial traveler suffers from poorly selected food and is lucky if he learns that Grape-Nuts food will put him right.

A Cincinnati traveler says: "About a year ago my stomach got in a bad way. I had a headache most of the time and suffered misery. For several months I ran down until I lost about 70 pounds in weight, and finally had to give up a good position and go home. Any food that I might use seemed to nauseate me."

"My wife, hardly knowing what to do, one day brought home a package of Grape-Nuts food and coaxed me to try it. I told her it was no use, but finally, to humor her, I tried a little and they just struck my taste. It was the first food that I had eaten in nearly a year that did not cause any suffering."

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"My brain is clear, blood all right and appetite too much for any man's pocketbook. In fact, I am thoroughly made over and owe it all to Grape-Nuts. I talk so much about what Grape-Nuts will do that some of the men on the road have nicknamed me 'Grape-Nuts'; but I stand to-day a healthy, rosy-cheeked man—a pretty good example of what the right kind of food will do."

"You can publish this if you want to. It is a true statement, without any frills."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages. "There's a Reason."

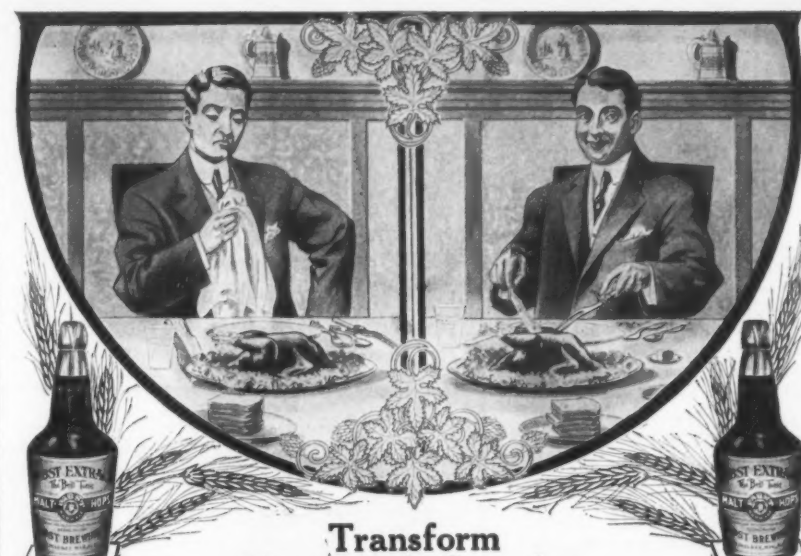
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

"There Is a God."

(Continued from page 232.)

its post. Many of those whom it had guided across the desert turned gray and died. Others forgot it. A few remembered it, but none went its way. The rawhide thongs became harder, until one could scarce have scratched them with a knife. The sand crept higher; the eyeless sockets filled with dust; day and night, summer and winter, year following year, it still blazed the way to the treasure-filled range for those who did not come.

It was in the hottest month of the summer that an old man came to Quigley's mine. He was a stranger. He was old, with a rank growth of unkempt beard, bent shoulders, twisted, talon-like fingers, and his shoes and his clothes were in tatters. Quigley took pity on him, fed him and gave him a bunk to sleep in. The morning after he came he had disappeared. No one saw him when he went out into the desert—nothing saw him, save a small, black, circling dot far up in the sky. He went through the sand, always seeking ahead with his bleared eyes and mumbling things that no one could have understood. He went on for hours, taking a sip now and then from a bottle of water which he carried. The circling dot in the sky multiplied into three, then four, and then five, and each time that he saw a new dot the old man stopped for a moment to look up into the fathomless blue sky above him. He was dragging his feet slowly when he saw ahead of him the bit of seared bush in the desert. His sunken eyes lit up and he urged himself on to it. For a few minutes he stood over a pile



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of scattered bones and drank his last drop of water. Then he went on. He was so nearly blind now that he did not see the Skeleton Post until he was within a few paces of it. A cry burst from his lips as he flung himself upon his knees in the drift of sand at the skeleton's feet. Moaning, he looked up into the dirt-filled sockets staring into the northwest.

"Paul," he cried, stretching up his arms, "Paul, I've come back to you—I've come back to tell you that you were right. I was wrong, Paul. There is a God, and He has punished me terribly—terribly—as you said He would, Paul. I have suffered, every day, every hour. My children died. My fortune was swept away. I became a beggar—a tramp—an outcast. Paul—Paul—there is a God!"

He sank upon his face, and the black dots in the sky, multiplied to six now, circled lower.



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It was only a whim that took Quigley and one or two others on a last visit to the Skeleton Post a year later. What they found there astonished them. It was only a whim, too, that made them pick the thing up and tie it to the other side of the post, so that the eyeless sockets of the Skeleton Post gazed now in two directions, one pair into the southeast, and the other steadily and grimly toward the treasure range beyond the purplish haze in the northwest.

A Presidential Hurry Call

By Robert D. Heint

WHEN a message flashed into the White House one morning last spring that Robert Taft in his automobile had run down and probably fatally injured a man, a change came over the President such as those about him had seldom seen. It was the day after Congress had adjourned. Hundreds of co-workers, friends of Mr. Taft, had remained in Washington an extra day to congratulate him upon putting through such a mass of legislation in the last few days, when everything seemed to be in chaos. They trooped to the executive offices in dozens. The President was so delighted to see them and at the general results of his hard winter's work that his laugh could be heard in every room in the building.

Mr. Taft was to leave the next afternoon for a much-needed vacation. His family had preceded him by a few days to open the cottage at Burgess Point. At this inopportune time, when everybody was so happy, came the word of the misfortune. The President could not have appeared more grieved if one of his own relatives had been struck down. He dropped business and hastened into the telegraph room adjoining his offices and urged particulars. There was a nervous clicking of the instruments, and after a short time it was learned that young Mr. Taft, while motoring with friends near Beverly, had struck a laborer. The man had started to step aside, as he had been repairing the road, but seemed to have become confused and moved into the path of the machine. That was enough for the President. He immediately sent this message to a friend in Boston:

By an unfortunate automobile accident at Beverly, my boy Robert struck a street laborer, fracturing his skull. He is at the Beverly Hospital.

Will you not call up by 'phone the best surgeon in Boston and have him visit the hospital at once and tender service to the resident physician and do all he can for the injured man? He must get well.

(Signed) WILLIAM H. TAFT.

There was a hasty consultation at the other end of the wire, for in designating "the best surgeon in Boston" the President had unconsciously raised a delicate point. It was too serious a situation to quibble over, and after an



DR. SAMUEL J. MIXTER.

was reached at his cottage at Swampscott. Beverly happened to have one of the best-equipped hospitals in the United States. The injured man had been rushed here a few minutes after the accident, nearer dead than alive. Dr. Peer P. Johnson, of the Beverly Hospital, had just dressed the injuries of another person similarly injured by an automobile. The surgeon had hardly to move from the spot when Robert Taft brought Michelangelo de Gregorio in. When Dr. Mixter got there things were in splendid shape for handling the patient. Gregorio was in a precarious state and immediately put on the "dangerous" list. Such surgeons as Dr. Mixter do not discuss past performances, therefore it is not possible to relate here what actually transpired. For a time little or no information seeped from the hospital, except in a general way it was learned that the injured man showed slight improvement. He was delirious and not able to know of a message which had just been delivered to him from the President of the United States. The communication was placed above his bed on the chart and afterward was a source of immense pride and encouragement to the Italian. It read:

The White House, Washington, D. C.
Michelangelo de Gregorio,
Beverly Hospital, Beverly, Mass.

I have learned to-day with the deepest regret of the unfortunate automobile accident which has resulted in your injury and hope for your speedy recovery.

(Signed) WILLIAM H. TAFT.

When the President got to Beverly two days later, with Secretary Norton and Captain Butt, even before going to his cottage he made his way to the hospital to personally visit the injured man. Once there, he insisted upon going to the laborer's cot. It was the beginning of almost daily visits by the President to the hospital. When he was unable to go, Mr. Norton or Captain Butt went in his stead. Mr. Taft got into personal communication with Dr. Mixter, who kept him in close touch with every phase of the case. After a time the crisis was reached, and from then on there was every sign of improvement. In those weary weeks of suffering for the poor laborer, Mr. Taft managed to learn a good deal of his history. He found that Gregorio, who barely spoke English, had a family in Italy.

It developed afterward that the man in his clear moments had yearned to see his home folks in the land of the sunny skies. So Gregorio kept improving, and finally one good day he was dismissed from the hospital as cured. There was a final consultation, and Mr. Taft announced that he knew of no better way to express his regret than by providing means for the trip home. Not only was Gregorio given passage on a first-class steamship, but the President saw to it that the laborer was supplied with five hundred dollars for spending money. This was given as the equivalent of the wages he might have earned for one year. The ticket and voyage expense money were thrown in for good measure.

The President found it a more difficult task to recompense Dr. Mixter. He felt obligated beyond expression to the surgeon. Neither gentleman would discuss the terms for settlement, the price of saving one human life; but it is safe to say, since the debt was incurred by the President of the United States, that the matter did not resolve itself into a financial transaction. It might not be getting far from the truth to assert that Dr. Mixter told Mr. Taft that the honor of having the privilege of serving him was compensation enough for any man.

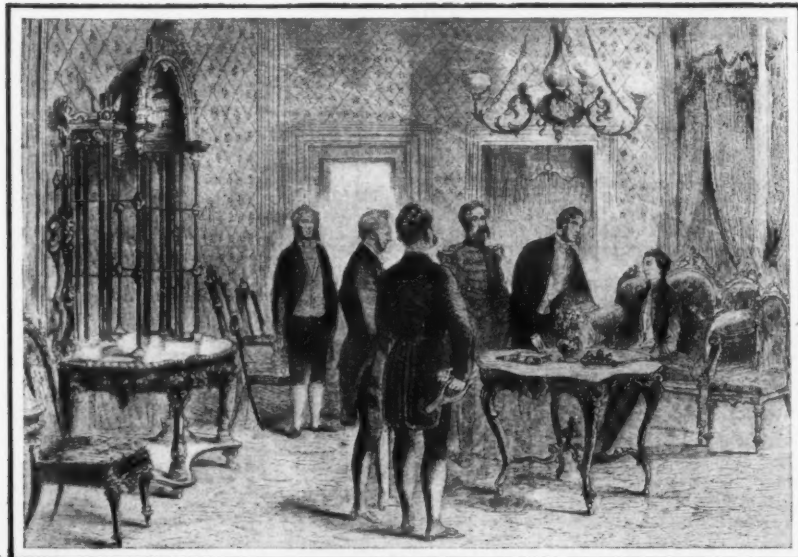
Not Many Like Her.

"Why is she so popular?"

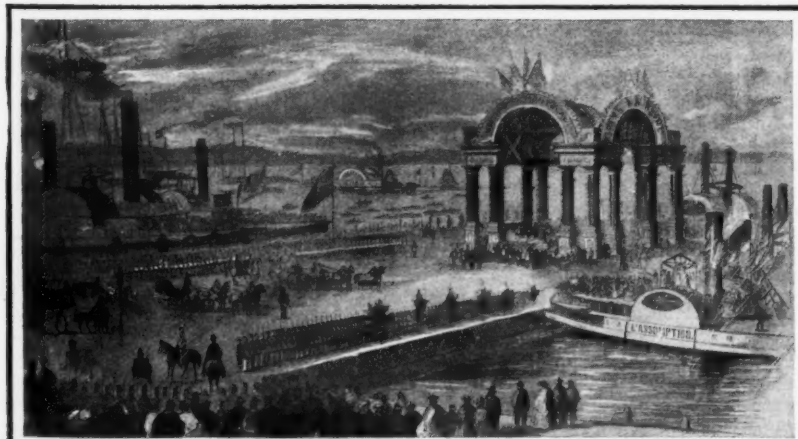
"She takes off her hat in a crowded car."

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The Late King Edward's Visit to America



His reception, as Prince of Wales, of the dignitaries of Quebec in the magnificent quarters arranged for him in Government House, during his tour in North America in 1860.



The naval and military review at the Montreal wharf on August 27, in honor of the Prince's arrival. The Harbor Masters erected a great triumphal arch across the wharf. He was met by the city officers and Sir Edmund Head, Governor-General of Canada.

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Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

(Continued from page 245.)

Pittsburgh, Pa.: I do not advise its purchase.
Dubuque, Iowa: It is impossible to get any valuation on the Columbia Kaolin.
H. A. H. New York: The recent report of Vulcan Detinning was favorable. The pref. is the more attractive.
Boston, Mass.: Your information, if from reliable quarters, ought to be sufficient. It may be better than mine.
Albany, N. Y.: I will have your American Ice stock represented by the stockholders' committee. Would not sell at a loss.
Passaic, N. J.: I never heard of the Mammoth Channel. As a rule, promoters of ten-cent stocks are very free with promises.
Seattle, Wash.: Diamond Match has shown diminished earnings, no doubt due to increasing competition, and the stock has declined accordingly.
Brooklyn, N. Y.: I do not regard Nevada Hills as an investment. Better put your money in something listed which can be disposed of in an emergency.
Trinidad, Col.: The Atchison's convertible 6s have an investment quality. The convertible privilege in a boom period would have appreciable value.
Lowell, Mass.: It is impossible to advise especially by telegraph except in response to an inquiry. Many believe that the market is to have one more severe break and are preparing to buy.
Washington, D. C.: The reports it gives are all favorable. It might be well to ask for their bank references to which you can write. Bank references are usually most favorably regarded.
St. St. New York: I think well of Western Maryland pref., and still better of Seaboard Co. first pref. The first quarterly dividend of one per cent. on Western Maryland pref. was paid last April, and another in July.
Memphis, Tenn.: An effort is being made by the Wabash-Pitts. bondholders to extricate the property from its complications. It is difficult, and progress can only be reported. There is nothing to do but to wait the outcome.
Chicago, Ill.: I do not advise the purchase of the stock of the Eastern Cuba Plantation Co. Why not buy something nearer home, and with whose value you are familiar? Does "distance" lend enchantment to the view?
Decatur, Ala.: Considering the fact that the rubber stock boom in London has just been broken, I do not believe it advisable to put your money in the rubber stocks now being exploited by the company to which you refer. Its action in other matters has been the subject of criticism.
Seven Per Cent., Toledo: The seven per cent. pref. stock to which you refer is that of the Pay-As-You-Enter Car Corporation, and is being offered with special rights to the purchaser. The 7 per cent. is paid in quarterly payments. Write to Carlisle & Co., 74 Broadway, New York, for circular No. Paye 26.
Stox, Milwaukee, Wis.: I quite agree with your comments on the management of American Ice. It will be difficult to secure permission for an audit unless a strong stockholders' committee is organized to make a demand. Such a committee is in contemplation. Your stock will be represented as requested.
Convertibles, Rochester, N. Y.: The convertible real estate bonds to which you refer are convertible into stocks and income bonds or redeemable in cash and are calculated to pay from 6 to 8 per cent. with their accumulations. Write to the New York Realty Owners, 439 Fifth Avenue, New York, for their "Booklet 18."
Bonds, Buffalo: The bond market is getting on an attractive basis. You are much safer in dealing in bonds than in stocks. You can buy them to net from four to six per cent. Write to Spencer Trask & Co., investment bankers, 43 Exchange Place, New York, for their special bond circulars, Nos. 51, 53, 55 and 56.
Duluth, Minn.: I do not advise you to buy lands in the Isle of Pines or in any other distant section, unless you are personally familiar with their value. I fear that a great many will not profit by their experience in buying lands offered by various companies. Some of the prospectuses promise altogether too much.
Small Trader, New Orleans: 1. Trading is usually on the long side, but money is made on the short side by many large operators. 2. The Investors' and Traders' Pocket Manual will be sent you without charge if you will write to its publishers, Leavitt & Grant, 55 Broadway, New York, and ask for a copy and mention Jasper.
Margin, Denver, Col.: 1. Some brokers buy small lots on a margin, charging interest, of course, as all brokers do, on the balance advanced. 2. J. F. Pierson, Jr. & Co., members of the New York Stock Exchange, 74 Broadway, New York, will send you a market letter. Write them for their free Circular A-22 on trading in small lots.
Trenton, N. J.: 1. I would not advise anyone to put all of his eggs in one basket. 2. Those prominently identified with U. S. Light and Heating appear not to be selling. 3. No report is made from which I could draw a conclusion. The capital is undoubtedly generous. 4. On the basis of the last report, pref. dividends are well assured.
Chicago, Ill.: 1. The industrial stocks to which you refer are selling for about what they are worth. Republic Iron and Steel pref. is suffering from the depression in the iron trade. How long this will last no one can say. 2. While there is a general belief that the market must go lower, observant spectators are beginning to buy on a scale down.
Jamestown, O.: 1. I think much better of Kansas City Southern pref. than of Northern Ohio Traction common. 2. So. Pacific convertible 4s. 3. The appearance of the market indicates that further liquidation is anticipated. Much depends on the outcome of the crops, the condition of the money market, and the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court in the trust cases.
M. C. Atlanta, Ga.: 1. Ten shares of Ontario and Western at 40 would cost you \$400, besides the small commission of the broker, and the dividend would be \$20 a year. 2. If the stock went up ten points you would make \$100, less the broker's commission. 3. John Muir & Co., members of the New York Stock Exchange, 71 Broadway, New York, deal in small lots. Write to them for their "Old Lots Circular."
Frederick, Portland, Me.: The statistical information you want and much more will be found in the book issued by Norman W. Peters & Co., members of the Consolidated Stock Exchange of New York, 74 Broadway, New York, for their customers. It is entitled, "Cardinal Principles for the Investor and Speculator." Any of my readers can have a free copy by writing Peters & Co., and mentioning Jasper.
U. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.: U. S. Light and Heating pref., paying dividends, is of course the more attractive, having, as it does, something more than a speculative quality. The com. around \$1 a share is a much better speculative purchase than some of the other low-priced common industrial stocks selling somewhat higher. The par value of U. S. Light and Heating, it must be remembered, is \$10, while that of the stocks quoted on the Exchange is \$100.
No Risk, St. Paul, Minn.: 1. You certainly are taking a great risk in buying the stocks of a land improvement company which sends out any such literature. It promises too much. 2. Opportunities for investment in New York real estate are offered by a number of well-established companies. Some of them offer six per cent. bonds with beneficial privileges. 3. Write to the New York Central Realty Co., 1180 Broadway, New York, for samples of their two forms of bonds.
Spec., Dallas, Texas: 1. I certainly do not advise you to buy stock of the oil, mining and plantation companies whose lurid prospectuses you enclose. The promises they make are absurd. 2. If you want to speculate, why not buy shares of some established industrial company engaged in a profit-

able business? The National Underwriting Co., 350 Broadway, New York, manufacturing automobiles, is offering its shares at \$10. You can write to them for particulars. It invites the attention of small investors.
Distance, Omaha, Neb.: 1. The fact that you are so far away from New York need not interfere with your speculations in Wall Street. You can communicate by letter or wire with any prominent brokerage house which will act promptly for you. 2. You would do better to buy 25 shares of the four stocks first mentioned on your list, rather than 100 of the last. It will give you more experience and I believe a better profit. 3. Write for their free booklet on "Wall Street Trading," to Rensselaer, Lyon & Co., members of the New York Stock Exchange, 43 Exchange Place, New York, and mention Jasper.
S. Findlay, Ohio, and O. Butte, Mont.: You would probably have less difficulty in disposing of bonds than of stocks in case you sought an investment on which you could get your money at any time. A number of good bonds yield over 4 per cent. These are apt to hold their price better than stocks. Among these I include the So. Pacific convertible 4s, now selling around par, and which a year ago sold as high as 105. The Lake Shore deb. 4s, the N. Y. Central deb. 4s (which around 96 yield about 4½ per cent.), and the Kansas City Southern 3s, a first mortgage now selling on a basis of 4½ per cent., are all good.
A. Pontiac, Mich.: 1. The Boston Securities Company is engaged in a rather peculiar kind of business. It acts as a corporate general agent, financing an insurance company from which it receives a commission on certain lines of business. It is paying 8 per cent. dividends, and its report indicates that much more is being earned. I do not regard this as a permanent investment. 2. The Texas Loan and Guaranty Company pays 3 per cent. which is not an unusual rate when capital is in demand. I have no doubt that it would give you bank references if you asked for them, so that you might make your own investigation.

NEW YORK, September 1, 1910. JASPER.

Stage Women and Their Clothes.

(Continued from page 241.)

should gradually come to see piquantness, if not beauty, in the hobble effect of the fashionable skirt of this season, and to look with a kindly eye upon the outrageous contraptions called hats which are thrust upon us by the latest decree of Madam la Mode.

Speaking of things new and interesting in the way of personal adornment, a new bead manufactured out of rubber has made its appearance and bids fair to become popular. These beads are colored in the softest of soft shades, and they are most effective when used in decorating the portions of gowns where embroidery formerly was worn. An attractive gown seen at the Madison Square Garden exhibit this autumn was of peacock-blue voile ninon spotted all over with raised dots of silk in the same color. The decoration around the low bodice was composed of rubber beads in contrasting shades of blue, interwoven with silk floss. The same idea was carried out for the border of the tunic, which fell over a cream lace foundation. A band of dull gold in lusterless satin edged the skirt, and dull gold formed the ceinture which was seen beneath the voile ninon.

It looks very much as though the hobble skirt, with modifications, was here to stay. Even the smart short-skirted costumes and tailored suits show the narrow skirt and in many instances the pulled-in knee band. It was at first declared that conservative dressers would not accept the narrow skirt, but tailors and dressmakers who in the beginning discounted it have been forced by the demand of their customers to turn their attention to its correct and clever construction.

The Curse of Cuba's Lottery.

NO COUNTRY can hope to prosper which not merely permits, but actually encourages, gambling. The Cuban government expected to get a large part of its revenue from the national lottery, only to find the amount falling far below expectations, not because the lottery is waning in popularity, but simply because the steady drain on the resources of the poor has deprived them of the means of buying more tickets. Soon after the lottery was introduced, there began a significant and steadily increasing rise in the number of ejectments for non-payment of rents. School teachers, too, tell harrowing stories of children unable to go to school because of lack of shoes, of others practically starving because every cent had been spent in the lottery.

In the program of the radical party of "La Joven Cuba," or "Young Cuba," one of the planks calls for the reform of the national lottery, so that all the money taken in for tickets in excess of five per cent. shall be distributed in prizes. But this simply goes to show that, whatever may be its virtues in other respects, the party of Young Cuba is not yet qualified to lead a reform that will put the nation on a sound financial basis. It is to be hoped that Cuba, and Mexico as well, will ul-

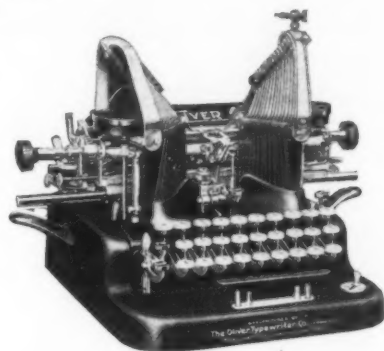
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timately follow the example of England and the United States in outlawing the lottery altogether. On no other platform can any nation make permanent progress, financially or morally.

The Workingman and the Railroads.

RAILROAD employes, realizing that their welfare depends upon the railroads and that the prosperity of the latter depends upon securing adequate rates, have come forward in defense of the railroads. The plan for the movement originated in the American Railway Employes' Investment Bureau, in Chicago, but was first materialized at Kansas City among employes of the Rock Island and Santa Fé railroads. This body adopted resolutions asking President Taft, the Interstate Commerce Commission and all national and State law-making bodies to permit a raise in freight rates. Affirming that transportation rates have nothing to do with the increased cost of living, they held that the only assurance they can have of regularity of employment is through increased rates for transportation, and that in all fairness this is due them as well as the railroads. According to the *Railroad Employee*, a paper devoted to the interests of all classes of railroad men, this proposition, which is in no sense inspired by the corporations, is meeting with notable success wherever it has been broached.

Meetings have been held in various centers in New York State and a similar movement is being planned for other Eastern States. Assurance is had, too, that practically all of the Western roads will adopt similar resolutions to those passed at Kansas City. Having responded to their need by a voluntary increase of wages, employes rightly hold that the railroads should now be allowed to advance transportation rates.

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The crisis in the life of the railroads is even more far reaching than this sensible step on the part of employes would seem to indicate. Four committees of Western railways have drawn up for the government a memorial which will bring the question of government ownership of the nation's railroads squarely before the Federal authorities and the public. "If we cannot demonstrate to the Interstate Commerce Commission, in time to save us from impending deficits," says a traffic official, "that an increase in revenue is imperative if the growth in expenses is not to exceed the growth in income from traffic, it is the end. I know of no resource we shall not have exhausted. My road may as well, if no remedy is offered, prepare for delivery into the hands of government managers and resign from a struggling position in the business world." The alternative is clear cut—they must raise rates or quit.

The railroads have voluntarily raised the wages of their employes, on every hand they have had increased expenses and the public has made insistent demand for improved facilities and for new and more expensive stations; yet against any increase of rates there has been an unreasoning popular outcry. Highly significant is the new movement on the part of employes not alone in the one matter involved, but as showing also that labor begins to see that the interests of labor and capital are identical. Said the Kansas City convention of employes, "We as railroad employes realize that our personal prosperity is inseparably associated with the prosperity of the railroad, our employer." When employes in all lines of trade begin to act upon this principle, it will mark the dawn of a new era of prosperity in which all will share.



For clean sport and a square deal everywhere and at all times.

Sporting Gossip

By Ed. A. Goewey



SAY, have you fellows read the new football rules? No? Well, then, go right out and buy them and study them carefully from the first to the last page, and then, when you are all through, see if you don't admit (like most everybody else who has managed to plow through them) that you are very much at sea as to what they really mean.

As you no doubt recollect, we have had a great deal of complaint during the last few years about the number of people injured while participating in the great game of football, and efforts have been made from time to time to so reconstruct the rules as to make the sport a comparatively safe one. After a sufficient number had been killed and maimed through the old mass plays, an open style was adopted to prevent further injury. Result: More people were killed and crippled by a good many per cent. than had been under the previous style of play.

So, during the early part of this year, most of the great football experts of the country got together and drew up this 1910 set of rules, which guarantees that even the youngest child may play football with either hand and come through the season without a scratch. I trust this is so, but am utterly unable at this time to make any sort of a guess regarding the working out of the new rules. With the assistance of some old-time football men I have gone through them carefully, and the thing upon which all agreed with the most unanimity was that the football game this season will bear about the same resemblance to the old game of football as ping pong does to croquet. The one sure point of resemblance will be that a ball will be used.

And it is a fact that the old-timer who has played two or three years, and even the coaches, will be about as badly off as a new man to the college game; for the new rules are more radical than anybody would have even dreamed of a year ago, and seem, on paper, to be mightily involved. I don't know how they will work out in play, and neither do the football people with whom I have talked; but it is a cinch that the new game is going to be so entirely different from what any of us have ever seen on the gridiron that it will be well worth any sport lover's time to attend the first game played this year in his vicinity, for the novelty of the thing. As it stands now, it is a gamble as to whether the 1910 game of football is going to be liked; but if it is really going to lead to a safer game, I trust the new rules will be a success and meet with approval.

Ever since Si Seymour announced, with the assistance of his fists, what he thought of part of the Giants' management and Comedian Latham, it has been generally expected that he would be requested to make his home elsewhere than in Gotham. It is now understood that Si is to become the property of the Baltimore club. He still has many a good wallop left in his big bat, and the Maryland team will gain an old-timer of ability.

After seeing the St. Louis Nationals trim Matty once again, it may have occurred to McGraw (as I have been stating all season) that his pitching staff is weak and growing weaker. But "Wait till next year, fellers." It's always next year with us now.

Hugh McIntosh, the Australian boxing promoter, announced recently that he has Jack Johnson's promise to give Tommy Burns a return match. Fine!

And now you have my promise that if the two ever meet again Burns will get a fine, elegant thrashing.

Bert Daniels, the Yankees' wonderful young outfielder, is going to give Ty Cobb a mighty fight for honors next season.

At this writing Fred Snodgrass is experiencing a bad batting slump, and consequently the gap between him and Cobb and Lajoie has been nearly closed. Nine-tenths of the fans are still touting for Fred to win out.

Under a recent ruling of the Chicago board of review, passing upon the assessors' report, it was definitely decided that as "merchandise" the White Sox are worth \$1,981 and the Cubs a trifle less than \$1,500. Considering the brand of baseball the Chicago Americans have been playing this year, the board seems to have been unusually liberal in its valuation of them. But, granting for argument's sake that the Sox are worth the full \$1,981, why put the Cubs on the list at fourteen hundred odd? To the average fan it would have been more reasonable if the board, working along the same scale used in sizing up the Americans, had put the value of the Nationals at about \$50,000.

Stick a pin in this note for future reference. There will be first-class running races on all the New York State tracks next season. Now, don't spring those anti-betting laws. I have not forgotten them. We are going to have racing here, and those on the inside are preparing for it. Running races will never be killed in the Empire State. The fact that the touts, pikers and small-fry gamblers have been compelled to hunt other easy means of avoiding work here is no indication that decent horse lovers are going to sit down and see their favor-

ites sent to the livery stables and the trucks. Just watch local conditions from now on and note the preparations for next year as they are made public.

If you have your hat on, take it off to the Athletics, for they deserve the salute. The Quaker City is to be congratulated on the possession of this team. And, by the way, it looks as if the Philadelphia Americans will break the record this year for the number of games won.

You have all heard that story about the passer-by who attempted to make a man stop beating his wife, only to have the woman join forces with her husband and assist him in punishing the gentleman with the good intention. There's a lot of truth in that story. You might not believe it, but I have actually been receiving letters from various persons half-heartedly supporting the syndicate baseball stunt. Can you beat that? Honestly, there are some people so constituted that they would be unhappy unless getting "the worst of it" most of the time.

"Dahlen has more than made good this season, and will lead the Dodgers next year," hath said President Charlie Ebbets. Good news for Bill, no matter what the Gowanus fans may think. This much is certain, Bill has some splendid material on his club, and if he can improve the "team work" he will not lose so many games by one run next season as he has last in 1910. Bill and his boys have really worked very hard, but their methods lack "class." In real fast company they remind one of a man in hired full dress.

The proposed battle between Burns and Langford, if it ever takes place, will be before a London audience. That's near enough for us. The people on this side of the water are heartily sick of



Recognize Him?

No? Why, this is Mike Donlin, the one-time champion batter, in his stage costume.



A New World's Record-breaker.

Edward V. Ray, who at Albany, N. Y., at an A. A. U. sanctioned meeting, made these world's walking records: One-sixth mile, 53 seconds; one-third mile, 1.57 2-5.



Sargent Pitcher,

Winner of the South all-round athletic championship at the meet recently held in New Orleans, who says he intends to retire on his laurels.



Babe Adams,

Who is doing heroic work to help the Pirates overtake the Cubs.



Uhlman, one of 1910's Trotting Sensations.

This gelding, owned by C. K. G. Billings, was recently driven a mile by Charles Tanner at the North Randall track, Cleveland, O., without a wind shield in 1.58 3/4.



A Cincinnati Star.

Suggs, the young pitcher who is proving a tower of strength to the Reds.



Three Queens of the Air.

Mrs. Glenn H. Curtiss, Mrs. Eugene Ely and Mrs. "Bud" Mars, who have made flying machine trips with their husbands.

Sam and fellow outdistance Frank fielder of National cently set great wo Giants in games we home run games. ited to th four of t brace of while T Schulte's inasmuch ters. He on Friday on Satur Ames suf Schulte him. On be the l ground. a fence s dred and The fo London, the favor looks upo

A local its base Have H Eleven C Possib ing" is around t Walte the Hill Rocheste It is p has been ment fo New Yo League promising league a ing his luck has been ab We q from a

One of the recent who has b ten-ling m The vetera automobili and some His health is not like Giants pla South aga has had so may never

Outfie Highlan the sea will not Highlan Pitch to go to be give Mana lapse of June de end Br from w Just survive White S has gon Blackbu bench. Ains must be seven August even C strong The

Sam and his cold feet. My, but that fellow ought to make a champion long-distance skater!

Frank Schulte, the popular right fielder of the Chicago Cubs, the sure National League pennant winners, recently set a major league record by his great work at the bat against the Giants in the last Western series. The games were characterized by the many home runs the Cubs made in the four games. Seven circuit clouts were credited to three Cublets, and Schulte made four of them. Sheckard rapped out a brace of four-sack soaks off Crandall, while Tinker made a homer off Drucke. Schulte's performance is remarkable, inasmuch as his homers came in clusters. He made two of them off Drucke on Friday, winning for the Cubs, and on Saturday he made his second duo. Ames suffered in the first inning, when Schulte sent in two runners ahead of him. One of his homers was said to be the longest ever seen on a ball ground. Schulte batted the ball over a fence sixty-one feet high three hundred and fifty feet from the plate.

The following letter sent me from London, England, will give an idea of the favor with which our British cousin looks upon our game of baseball:

August 11, 1910.

DEAR SIR:—The final cup-tie for the National Baseball Association Challenge Cup, will be played on the Clapton Orient Football ground, Millfields Road, Clapton, N. E., at 3.30 p. m. on Saturday of this week. To reach the Clapton ground, book to Homerton station from Broad Street station on the North London Railway. The train journey is very short. At the other end, the walk to the ground will take you about twelve minutes.

This is the last important baseball match of the year, and in the opinion of most of the "fans," it is the chief baseball event of the year. Particular interest attaches to the match in that the two competing clubs—Westham and Brentford—have never before succeeded in reaching the final. It will be "anybody's game." Both teams are exceptionally well matched in playing strength, and it is difficult to see a hair's advantage in favor of either. I think you may take it for granted that this will be the most keenly contested game of the year, and one that in point of sustained interest it will repay you to see.

Yours very cordially,
FREDERICK R. SEARS,
President N. B. B. A.

A local paper puts this heading over its baseball column: "New Yorkers Have Hopes, though the Giants Are Eleven Games behind the Cubs."

Possibly you've noticed that "hoping" is about the best thing we do around these parts.

Walter Manning has been released by the Hilltop team and will join the Rochester club of the Eastern League. It is probable that Pitcher Manning has been sent to Rochester in part payment for Catcher Blair, who is to join New York at the close of the Eastern League season. Manning looked very promising when he first broke into the league and he made a great record during his first month. Since that time luck has broken against him and he has been able to win but very few games.

We quote the following bit of news from a Western contemporary:

One of the most interested of the spectators at the recent New York-Cub games was John T. Brush, who has been living in Chicago all summer and attending most of the games at the West Side Park. The veteran club owner has been coming out in his automobile to most of the games at the Cubs' park and some of the games at the Comiskey grounds. His health has improved during the summer, but it is not likely that he will ever be able to watch the Giants play again on their own lot, for he is to start South again soon for the winter, and the man who has had so much to do with the great national game may never be able to come North another season.

Outfielder Charley Hemphill, of the Highlanders, has been suspended for the season by President Farrell and will not draw any more salary from the Highland exchequer this year.

Pitcher Frank Smith says he is glad to go to Boston and hopes that he will be given plenty of work there.

Manager Jennings blames the collapse of the Tigers to those numerous June defeats at the hands of the tail-end Browns—an unexpected setback from which they never recovered.

Just now Rollie Zeider is the sole survivor of the infield with which the White Sox started the season. Purtell has gone to Boston, while Gandil and Blackburn have been relegated to the bench.

Ainsmith, Washington's new catcher, must be a corking thrower. He caught seven Tigers stealing in the game of August 17th, and not one of them, not even Cobb, could grab a base on his strong right arm.

The Cleveland club last week pur-

chased Catcher Pat Donahue from the Athletic club, as the team was short on catchers, Bemis having broken a finger, "Nig" Clarke being a typhoid-fever convalescent and Easterly having a bad wrist.

The national billiard league, which has been under discussion for several months, has at last been formed, with these officers: John G. Kling, Kansas City, president; William Mussey, Chicago, vice-president; John Doyle, New York, secretary-treasurer. The elections were made by mail vote. Cities to be represented in the league are Kansas City, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Boston, New York and Cincinnati.

Edward V. Ray, of Albany, N. Y., recently broke two world's records in walking. Mr. Ray broke the record for one-sixth of a mile of 57½ seconds, made in 1878 by G. D. Phillips, making the same in 53 seconds. He also broke the world's record for the one-third mile of 1 minute 59 3-5 seconds, made in 1884 by F. P. Murray, making the same in 1 minute 57 2-5 seconds. These records were made at a meet sanctioned by the A. A. U., in Albany, N. Y.

The Lady with the Lamp.

WHEN Florence Nightingale, with health forever broken by heroic service in Crimean hospitals, returned to her English home, the women of grateful Britain raised for her a fund of \$250,000, each soldier in the army giving a day's wages and all classes eagerly contributing. In devoting the entire amount to the foundation of the Florence Nightingale Training School for Nurses, she won a yet deeper hold upon the affection of her country. Still one of the best institutions of the kind in the world, there stands in one of its corridors a statue of Miss Nightingale, a tall, slender figure in nurse's uniform, holding aloft a tiny lamp in one hand, which she shades with the other. No emblem could more aptly picture the service of Florence Nightingale than the little lamp which she carried with her as she made her nightly rounds at the great hospital in Scutari to see that all was well. What Longfellow put into immortal verse, the sculptor has put into enduring marble.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmery gloom,
And flit about the room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land.
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

To many the news of Florence Nightingale's death has come as a surprise—surprise that she was still living until a few weeks ago. For more than half a century she had been a confirmed invalid, for the last twenty years being unable to leave her bed, so that even before her passing she had been accorded the glory of a historical personage. Florence Nightingale was a born nurse. As a child her dolls were always in a state of invalidism that required the most patient care from their little mistress. From this she passed to her first "live patient"—a faithful dog. Following the bent of her nature, she studied nursing in the hospitals of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, Constantinople, Alexandria and the war hospitals of the French and Sardinians. At one time she nursed the Arabs in Africa and with such effect "that the Moslems were almost convinced that the woman had a soul."

When, in 1853, the Crimean War broke out between England and Russia and report came back of the horrible state of the British hospitals and the indescribable sufferings of the wounded, Florence Nightingale, who had added a wide experience to natural gifts, was ready to save the honor of England and the lives of her soldiers. As the center of her labors she chose the great, four-storied, quadrangular barrack hospital, in whose long-drawn corridors lay four miles of sick and wounded men. She



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arrived at the hospital on the eve of the battle of Inkerman, and soon the wounded began to arrive. On her second day of duty she stood for twenty hours giving orders, walking mile after mile through the corridors, aiding the surgeons where strong men shrunk back in horror, ministering personally to suffering and dying soldiers and bringing order out of chaos. She developed a power of organization and administration amazing to herself as well as to others. No red tape was allowed to come between her and the suffering which demanded relief. The death rate, which had been more than fifty per cent., she reduced to two per cent. Is it any wonder the soldiers touched gratefully her garments or kissed the shadow on their pillows as she went by?

When, after twenty-one months of most heroic service, she was prostrated by a fever, from the effects of which she never recovered, still she refused to leave the Crimea until the last English soldier was withdrawn. A confirmed invalid the rest of her life, her services afterward to her country were even more lasting than what she did in the Crimea. Mainly through her influence, Parliament appointed the sanitary commission which soon revolutionized barrack life throughout the empire, especially in India. She wrote much, too, upon nursing, and her "Hospital Notes" and "Notes on Nursing" have had wide circulation. Signal honors have been bestowed upon her. In 1907 King Edward conferred upon her the English Order of Merit, she being the only woman who has ever received it, thus making necessary an amendment of the statutes. But her greatest honor and her most enduring monument are not to be found in the favor of her sovereign or the universal expressions of love and appreciation which on her death appeared in the English papers, and which not even the



death of a royal personage could have made more widespread or sincere. Her true monument is found in every white-robed Red Cross nurse who follows in the wake of the battle, in every spot the world over where the hospital opens its doors to receive sick and suffering humanity, on the streets of every city where one hears the clang of the ambulance with the same "Red Cross" emblem standing for succor and relief.

Florence Nightingale possesses the greatness which comes through being a servant. When thinking least of herself she won fame. As an Irish clergyman once said, "She belonged to the sect of the Good Samaritan." Thus does she belong to all sects and all peoples, and history will continue to record that the nineteenth century gave to the world no more royal soul than hers.

One Nuisance Abated.

WELL done, Lehigh Valley! Ever since there have been dining cars, the porter has marched through the train with his "first call" and "last call," informing all that the dining car was in the rear. Even breakfast has to be announced in the same stentorian tones, though the best nap of some in the sleeper is disturbed. But the Lehigh has now put the muffer on the loud-voiced porter. One other improvement we would suggest: Why any announcement of meals at all? A neat sign or two hung up in each car, giving the hours and the kind of service offered, would serve every purpose and no one would be disturbed.

In answering advertisements please mention "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."

Pictorial Bulletin of Recent Events



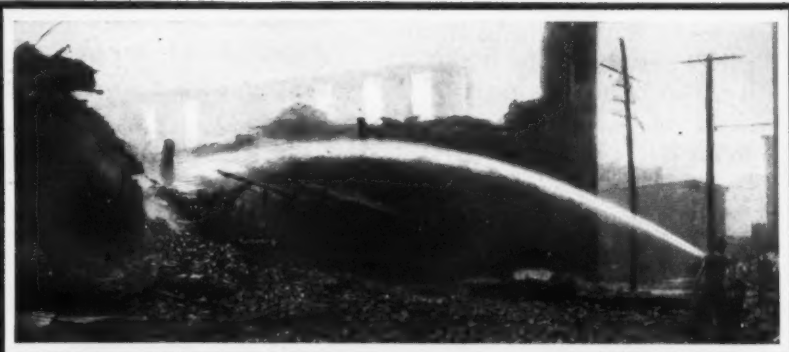
Colonel Roosevelt's Start for the West.

On August 23, the ex-President began from New York his 5,493 mile journey through the country. He is scheduled to return on September 11, after speaking in 14 States.



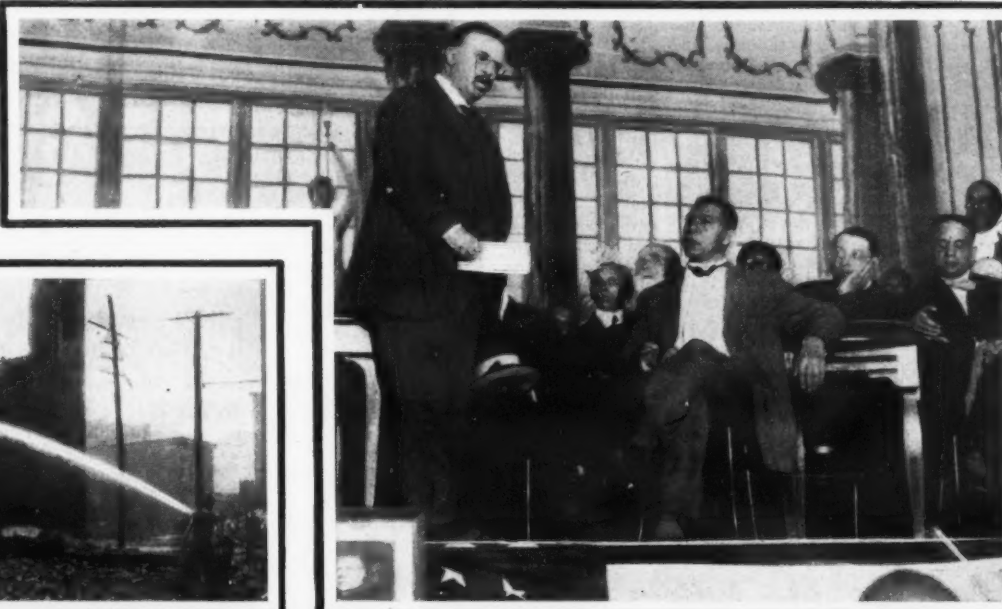
Fighting the West's Most Terrible Forest Fire.

About 10,000 square miles of forest land have been burning for weeks in Idaho, Montana and Washington. The loss thus far is more than \$20,000,000. Three hundred lives have been lost. Five thousand men are fighting the flames at a cost of \$1,000 a day.



Great Fire Scourge in Jersey City.

On the evening of August 17, a huge square block of factory buildings in the New Jersey city was destroyed by fire. Property worth over \$1,000,000 was demolished and one life lost.



The ex-President Advising Colored Business Men.

The National Negro Business League was addressed at its annual meeting in New York, on August 19, by Colonel Roosevelt. Booker T. Washington, who presided, says: "This organization brings together the largest number of successful negroes in America."



A Convention of the Advocates of a Universal Language.

The Sixth International Esperanto Congress met at Washington, D. C., on August 15. More than a thousand delegates from all over the world were present, including Dr. Ludwig Zamenhof, originator of the tongue. John Barrett, Director of the Bureau of American Republics, presided. Esperanto is a simplified language which has already found thousands of converts among prominent men in every country.—Harris & Ewing.

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